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## LITERATURE



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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Do the Government really suppose that their hectoring, bullying, non-compromise attitude is improving their prospect of passing the Parliament Bill into law? Their Bill will go to the House of Lords in its original tyrannical shape. It will not in the House of Commons have been subjected to any thorough revision. It will have been passed, thanks to the thwacks of the mailed fist. There will have been no display of statesmanship. The House of Lords is to be called upon to swallow an ill-assorted, undigested mass with the pistol to its head. The nation, however slow to move, cannot remain impervious to the spectacle that the Opposition and the House of Lords are not receiving fair play, and if the people become convinced of that fact, there will be sufficient encouragement to the House of Lords and the Opposition to do their duty and resolve to reject the Parliament Bill. The condition of the front Ministerial bench in the House of Commons is a calamity for the due conduct of business, as well as for the interests of the State. Mr. Lloyd George's continued absence not only throws the national finances into confusion, but also is a serious blow to the good conduct of business in the House. With all his financial inability, he is yet a figure who, in other spheres of policy, speaks with authority and—in the House—with decorum. The House, led fitfully by Mr. Asquith in dogmatic, obstinate, and splenetic manner, is not in the mood to deal quite worthily with its business. In Mr. Asquith's frequent absences the leadership falls to a lieutenant who, by temperament, is peculiarly unfitted to occupy the position. The net result is that a revolution is intrusted to the guidance of a front bench which is not really fitted to control a Chamber even in times of peace and tranquillity.

We have received copies of the "Wednesday Review," published at Trichinopoly, and the "Indian Review," issued at Madras, for March. The latter, a monthly paper, is especially up to date and interesting in its treatment of current topics, and does not confine itself solely to Indian affairs. There is a well-written article, for instance, on "Bloated Armaments," deprecating the "exaggerated Navy" of England. Needless to say, we do not agree with all the writer says, and we are inclined to remark that in an Indian paper such an argument seems rather curious. Mr. Valentine Chirol has the place of honour with a closely-reasoned plea for a field of common endeavour in which "Englishmen and Indians" alike may labour for the welfare of the Empire. "So long as Englishmen and Indians have to live side by side in India," says the author, "it is eminently desirable that they should seek in their intercourse not the points of difference which political agitation must inevitably accentuate, but the points of contact which common economic interests always tend to produce." Such a sane point of view, wisely expressed, is calculated to do much good in these days of smouldering rebellion. A feature is made of extracts from the home reviews, the "world of books," and speeches on notable themes, and the interest is maintained at a high level by judicious editing. The "Wednesday Review," dealing with many serious matters, permits an occasional article in lighter vein; one entitled "The Humours of the Census" gives an amusing idea as to the difficulties of the supervisor and the enumerator in India. Leaving political questions out of consideration—since the writer of the "London Letter" seems rather at sea on two or three points—the March 29th issue of this capital weekly is well up to the mark demanded by both literary and commercial readers.

No particular infallibility in taste, we imagine, can be attributed to the various compilers of lists of the "hundred best books" who from time to time attract a modicum of attention; but when the area of selection is limited, as in the recent competition held by the *Catholic Times*, to the "Hundred Best Catholic Books" the result becomes rather curious. The list is divided into six portions—Devotional, Historical, Biographical, Poetry, Fiction, and Miscellaneous. Readers of THE ACADEMY will be especially interested in several of the names which have won a place. Mrs. Craigie, whose "Life" we recently reviewed, of course is represented by the "School for Saints" and "Robert Orange;" Mr. Hilaire Belloc leads off easily in the "Miscellaneous" column with his delightful "Path to Rome," and Mr. John Ayscough, whose name should be quite well known to our subscribers, has no fewer than four novels chosen by the competitors. We can commend their taste, but we are surprised that the clever study entitled "Mr. Beke of the Blacks" was not one of the books to be named. In poetry, Francis Thompson is at the head; to the surprise of those who organised the competition, Crashaw, Dryden, and Pope received too few votes for inclusion. The late Mr. Marion Crawford, Father Hugh Benson, Canon Sheehan, Sir William Butler, and other notable and familiar names figure prominently; altogether the lists, and the editorial analysis of them, form a most interesting page.

We announce with pleasure that a mass meeting will be held at the Albert Hall on May 23rd, which will be addressed by Mr. Balfour and Mr. F. E. Smith in furtherance of the Imperial Preference propaganda. This evidence of the vigilance and activity of the Tariff Reform League will be most welcome to all who have the unity and interests of the Empire at heart.

## PENANCE

"O Soul," the Spirit said, "these men shall call  
A flower. Thy thoughts shall rock on summer wind;  
Praised shalt thou be, and loved—yet deaf to all;  
White, tremulous and ravishing—yet blind:  
Fragrant as Eastern gardens, when at noon,  
The sun doth all his mighty love confess,  
Yet all thy perfume banned from thee. And soon  
A death shall visit thee of bitterness  
To bend thy stately height of yesterday,  
Make havoc with thy petals hour by hour,  
Till those who pass thy resting-place shall say:  
'There lies among the leaves a withered flower.'  
For thy few sins, these be thy sinless woes;  
Go, blind and beautiful. Thou art—a rose."

W. L. R.

## THE BENCH TRUST

WE hear from time to time rumours that in certain eventualities 500 respectable gentlemen will attain to the goal of Radical felicity, and dress themselves in coronets and ermine. There will be no time for the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the best method of selection. No advisory committees can be appointed, because the members would inevitably recommend their own claims, and the claims of those united with them by ties, which might be elusive if examination were attempted. Pending the carrying out of the heaven-sent scheme for attaining to the highest dignities, Mr. Asquith's leaders are clamouring because they are not appointed Justices of the Peace in battalions.

These gentry are very difficult to satisfy. When Lord Loreburn was appointed Chancellor he added many thousand names to the Commission of the Peace, the large majority of whom professed the Radical faith. To have gone further in this direction would have been to prostitute the Bench and convert it into a rabble of political placemongers.

Then arose a great upheaval. The Lord Chancellor, instead of "redressing the balance," positively in many cases appointed gentlemen of Conservative views on the entirely irrelevant ground that in his judgment they were the men best fitted to fulfil the judicial and administrative functions of a Justice of the Peace.

In September last we wrote:—

Lord Loreburn has been the target for virulent howls from the Socialist mob, who are the rag-tag and bobtail of the once great Liberal party. His crime, as would be expected, is his honesty. He declines to appoint a street-corner politician to the Magisterial Bench simply because his heroes are directed against the foundations of Society. Lord Loreburn prefers to appoint a rational man, although in his eyes he labours under the disadvantage of being a Conservative. Merit appeals to him, not politics for profit.

These remarks apply to the period when, following the customary method, Justices were appointed by the Lord Chancellor on the recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant.

As a concession to clamour a Royal Commission, composed of representative men, under the chairmanship of Lord James of Hereford, was appointed, and in the following passage the Report is almost nakedly unashamed:—

Our Commission bids us labour to find a remedy for an evil assumed to exist. It is therefore our duty to suggest steps for securing the selection of Justices of the Peace unaffected by their supposed political merits.

"Assumed" to exist! Are we wrong when we say that the Commission was appointed as a concession to clamour?

In the Reference to the Commission are these words:—

Whereas we have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue to consider and report whether any and what steps should be taken to facilitate

the selection of the most suitable persons to be Justices of the Peace, irrespective of creed and political opinion.

What a disappointing reference! There is no need to waste time in glancing at the action in the House of Commons of Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Agar-Robartes, or Mr. King; but Mr. Neil Primrose, as the son of a distinguished father, naturally arrests our attention. This young gentleman wrote a letter to the Lord Chancellor, to which no self-respecting Minister or man would deem any reply necessary. The ingenuous youth calmly ignored the whole trend—Advisory Committees and all and sundry—of the Report of the Commission appointed by his own party—a Report dated as recently as July last. According to the Commissioners—

"The evils now existing in the system of selecting Justices of the Peace can, to a great extent, be remedied by removing political opinions and political action from the influences affecting such selection."

Not so!

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!"

[Mr. Neil Primrose (patronisingly)]: No doubt no fault can be found with the gentlemen who have been appointed, but I would venture to point out to your lordship that as good men, with even better claims, could have been found among the Liberals in that district [Isle of Ely], and that it has caused great dissatisfaction that the party which raised your lordship to the high position which you hold should be treated with this studied neglect.

The schoolmaster is indeed abroad—and armed with his birch-rod. The exquisite taste of ignoring all the labour of poor Radical Bob Reid in the House of Commons and the country, and assuming to himself, the Wedgwoods and the others the rôle of kingmaker is inimitable. If, however, the erring Chancellor is fittingly rebuked, the Royal Commission is entirely flouted:—

[The Lord Chancellor] is the head of the Justiciary, and in that character is entrusted with the task of deciding what is best for the administration of justice. He is your Majesty's responsible adviser in regard to the appointment of Judges, and in giving such advice he does not act as a politician.

Clearly, therefore, Mr. Primrose, as a politician, has no right to question the action of the Lord Chancellor, neither has the Lord Chancellor, "not acting as a politician," any other resource than to view Mr. Primrose's action as youthful indiscretion requiring no notice, or alternatively as an instance of undiluted impertinence.

We adhere to the opinion we expressed in our issue of July 16th last with respect to Advisory Committees:—

The small Committees which are proposed to be formed as advisers to the Lord Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant on selection, are very much the sort of bodies or persons from whom those gentlemen receive advice at the present time. The only conceivable object in creating these representative Committees is as a tribute to the fussiness of the present day. It is a symptom of the prevalent rooted objection to leaving well alone, and in some way flaunting the perfectly obvious and already existent as a matter of grave importance, a discovery remarkable for its novelty. With respect to the desire to withdraw the political atmosphere from the region of judicial appointments, we are very sceptical whether the small Committees will prove to be of any special value. If the Lord Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant are as open to political pressure as has been suggested, we see no reason to believe that these small advisory boards, composed of goodness-knows-who, will be any less likely to be open to similar pressure.

We do not believe any better result would have been arrived at if the Chancellor had been able to consult such a Committee in the case of the appointments to the Ely Bench



## SUPERABUNDANT SHAW\*

CONSCIENTIOUSLY, but with intervals for refreshment, we have read through the five hundred pages of this tome, and feel strongly inclined to hide ourselves for six months or so in rocks and caves of the earth, where the blinding rays of Mr. Shaw's genius have not yet penetrated, where the craft of the assiduous biographer is unknown, and where a heavenly, peaceful silence on the subject of Shaw and all his works might soothe our troubled breast. Yet, on another page of this same issue of *THE ACADEMY*, Mr. Shaw is still to the fore—but the writer of that pleasant critique had not blazed his way through a forest of Shaw before attending "Fanny's First Play." We feel disposed also to link arms with Professor Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., and to inform him that there exist useful minor arts of condensation, discrimination, comparison, and elimination of which he seems never to have heard. Away back in the dim recesses of North Carolina he heard the siren voice of the clever, garrulous gentleman who is busily engaged in reforming England, and "conceived the idea" of writing a book—at first only a short book—entitled "G.B.S." Would that he had carried out his project of composing that preliminary volume, and ceased upon the midnight, for it would have been fifty times more readable and interesting than the present portentous effort.

However, assisted by Mr. Shaw's "abundant sympathy and encouragement," the ingenious lion-tamer investigated, grew more and more enthusiastic, and finally lost his head in sheer admiration of the beauty of his task. He came to England (at Mr. Shaw's invitation) to "study his subject;" he sat at Gamaliel's feet, and has here set down material sufficient to stay the appetites of Mr. Shaw's most eager disciples for many a long day. The unsophisticated reader of Professor Henderson's disquisitions will imagine that Shaw is a combination of Disraeli, W. S. Gilbert, Meredith ("a master of the comic spirit," says the ardent biographer), and several other world-famous names—this perhaps is because Mr. Shaw's voice rings loudly through the professorial megaphone; but on some of his pages Professor Henderson rather disqualifies himself as a critic of any value. The comparison of Shaw with Gilbert, for instance, though it has been made before by Mr. Walkley (and doubtless by others), strikes us as wrong. Sir William Gilbert wrote—alas, that we must use the past tense!—frankly to amuse, and his roseleaf irony scarcely ever reached the dignity of satire; Shaw writes grimly, with laughter as the handmaiden of his sardonic denunciation; it is the difference between pelting a man with bon-bons and bombarding him with explosive crackers, between a battle of flowers and a battle of swords. Much more reasonable would it be to compare Shaw with Henry James, despite the utter dissimilarity of styles and the infinitely greater depth of insight of our acclimatised novelist, since in the work of both authors the conflicts, crises, and in fact the whole interests centre not in any extrinsic events actually portrayed, but in the minds and souls of their characters.

It is perhaps inevitable in such a work as this that certain repetitious phrases should get upon the reader's nerves. On page after page Mr. Shaw "frankly confesses," "vehemently repudiates," "replies with quizzical disdain," "solemnly announces," "candidly avers;" he "once remarked to me," "smilingly reminded me," "continued impressively," and so on. We hear how Paderewski affected Shaw; how David Bispham, the De Reszkes, Gerster, Patti, Joachim, Ysaye, and the music of various composers affected Shaw; how Holbein, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Hogarth affected Shaw;

\* *George Bernard Shaw: his Life and Works.* By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.)

and the question is forced upon us, What really does it matter to anybody? If a biography was necessary, why not have eliminated all this superfluous and dreary droning out of Shaw's opinions? Why not have written in clear, concise, pithy English a survey and valuation of the dramatic work which is undoubtedly of considerable worth, by which he has become so widely known? We confess we do not care two straws to hear that Mr. Shaw as a small boy could whistle whole operas and oratorios "from the first bar to the last" with the facility of a street urchin who whistles music-hall songs, or to be told how he "sang incessantly." There is far too much of the trivial in Professor Henderson's appreciation of his hero.

On the other hand, the chapters which tell of the rise of the Socialistic spirit in London, dating as it does from about 1880, of the genesis of the Fabian Society, and of various controversies upon economic matters, are capital reading and form valuable contributions to the history of the period. "Bernard Shaw," wrote "George Calderon" in the preface to that curious little play "The Fountain," "like Lloyd George and all those nurtured in the Socialism of the early 'eighties, still believes in the fantastic old Wicked Rich myth," and these particular chapters throw some sharp sidelights upon the progress of that myth. The illustrations, of which there are many, are as a rule very good. Another excellent feature is the portion of the book dealing with the brilliant Vedrenne-Barker seasons at the Court Theatre—seasons which made theatrical history rapidly and forced both the critics and the public to sit up and look about them. Again, the biographer can be a keen commentator when he permits his head to rise above the streaming flood of Shavian words, as this quotation shall prove. Referring to the plays, Professor Henderson says:—

The vital defect in Shaw's women is that they are too blatant, too obvious, too crude. They are lacking in mystery, in finer subtlety, in the sub-conscious and obscurer instincts of sex, in the arts of exquisite seduction, of keenly-felt yet only half-divined allurements. The Life Force goes about its business, one would fain remind Mr. Shaw, not openly and with a blare of trumpets, but by a thousand devious and hidden paths.

Shaw's mistake consists in painting woman, not as she really, normally is, but as his preconceived philosophic system requires her to be. He planks down for our inspection less a life-like portrait of the eternal feminine than a philosophic interpretation of the "superior sex."

After this, however, the author remarks:—"Of course, there is always the danger of taking Shaw too seriously." There is indeed. Can we take Mr. Shaw seriously, for example, when he writes that the real object of the modern system of education "is to relieve parents from the insufferable company and anxious care of their children," and that "children are nuisances to adults except at playful moments"? Professor Henderson has by no means escaped that pitfall of too solemn a judgment of his subject. He refers to an amusing little interview with Mr. Shaw which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* for April 30th, 1898, signed "C. R." (possibly Mr. Clarence Rook); we have looked it up on our files, and have been highly entertained. If Professor Henderson read it through, it should have warned him.

We need not say much more, although plenty more could be said. This premature 500-page biography has its interesting portions, its valuable chapters, its amusing interludes; but there is far too much of it. Professor Henderson will for a time, we trust, continue to elevate the intellectual standard of North Carolina without troubling his head about our clever, agile, persistent, entertaining, paradoxical social reformer. In the sunny, Shavian future of our earth; no doubt, when Mr. Shaw's plays are performed in the green gloom of Papua, when not only Dan and Beersheba, but Melanesia and Polynesia—yea, even to their outermost palm-crowned isles—shall ring with his name, some scantily-clad

unredeemed aborigine of those fortunate realms will send in to the London publishers his own notions as to Mr. Shaw; and the end will be at hand. For then our genius will sigh for fresh worlds to conquer, and, if Professor Lowell's fascinating theories have come true, "Man and Superman" may be purchasable in a cheap edition at a Martian bookstall, or in exchange for an obolus on the Lethean shore. You never can tell.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

## AN OXFORD POEM BY HENRY VAUGHAN—III.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A SECOND and more eligible R. W. is one Richard West, of the Northamptonshire Wests, sprung from the great house of De La Warre. A couple of years older than Henry Vaughan, he matriculated at Christ Church in 1636. He was certainly a "wit," a rattling one, and altogether as active, unquenchable, and conspicuous a collegian as his generation boasted. His name literally strews the pages of Oxford publications, issued without pause or fail upon the many "emergent occasions" of that not lifeless reign: in Latin or in English, in moods grave or gay, Richard West is everywhere, and everywhere gives evidence of a most masculine mind, satiric, observant, fearless, and trenchant. He himself is wholly unknown to our times; his many verses remain uncollected, and are hardly worth collecting, despite their characteristic power. He has at least one "conceit" which makes a grand line, almost Homeric, where he describes a huddled battlefield as a scene where

The earth lay bury'd in unbury'd men.

In 1640 Richard West was chosen to make what was called the "Musick Speech," delivered in the old Music School. No better proof of his great popularity, the admiration with which the Oxford world of his own day regarded him, could well be afforded than the existence of a half-dozen manuscript copies, in the Bodleian and elsewhere, of this address. It was aimed rather especially at the ladies among the auditory, and gives one an illuminating insight into the state of a society generally considered decent and dignified, for the address is one long cross-fire of graceless and tasteless impudence, where implication and innuendo of the lowest sort serve for humour, and rough-shod didacticism for scholarly point. However, there seems no reason to doubt that this wild young orator was the same Richard West who, according to Foster, afterwards took Orders, and on the recommendation of the virtuous George, Lord Berkeley, was preferred to a living. West was a stout Royalist, and suffered for the cause, a circumstance which is commemorated in the fine Latin epitaph still to be seen near his grave in Shillingford, Dorset. He published one Assize Sermon, a vigorous effort. His youthful signature, 1636, and another of 1640, "Richardus West, Grad.," exist in the Bodleian Admission Books. He died after the Restoration, leaving a family.

Some circumstances go far to show that he may have been the R. W. in Vaughan's mind. One is that during Vaughan's residence at Jesus, Richard West (perhaps on taking a tutorship) transferred himself from "the House" to the Welsh College. A second is that he had his own direct connection with Breconshire. Lastly, the mention of Randolph (*obit* 1634) in Vaughan's verses is not at random. "Much doctrine lies under this little stone." West, who adored Randolph's memory, and seems to have tried hard to be like him, calls himself, in a prefatory verse printed in the 1640 edition of Randolph's works, his "brother-in-law." This is an example of the happy looseness of the terms of kinship in that age. His real relationship to that splendid and now unappreciated poet it would be hard to define when stated: West's mother married, as her second husband, Randolph's father. The only other bard whom Vaughan places in his Elysium is Ben Jonson; but Ben with him, as with all his contemporaries, was a convention, a first principle: besides, he was Randolph's own much-venerated poetical "sire." For the rest, the tripping measure, the oddly

mingled air of scholarship, revelry, and sincere affection, the rather haughty aloofness and indirection of Vaughan's rueful, idealistic little poem, wonderfully play into our scant but sure knowledge, won from his own pages, of Richard West of Christ Church, forerunner and kinsman of a whole dynasty of minor British poets bearing both his names.

Richard West had indeed "one mind" with Henry Vaughan: doubly so, if all that Vaughan says of his own rebellious youth be true. A bit of University legislation formulated at this very time, and quoted by Wood, reproves particularly the wine-bibbing Masters of Arts, "which should give younger Youths a better example." Such a caution may have gone not far wide of West and his admiring friend, while aimed at many like them. As for "arrests" by the predatory "sergeants," West's name does not appear in those old interesting MS. books, the archives of the Chancellor's Court (1); but we get there, under an acceptable date, a bare entry which looks corroborative:—

10 Maij: 1639.

Acta habita . . . coram venerabili viro Accepto Frewen.

Willelmus Taylor contra Henricum Vaughan. } *et.*  
Mylles [procurator].

Now, besides the young poet, there were two Henry Vaughans in Oxford in 1639. One was a City tradesman, unlikely to be sued in the University Court; the other, a consequential Welsh parson and don of Jesus College, may piously be considered disqualified, on other grounds. No alternative remains but to suspect that the Henry Vaughan best known to posterity is the subject of this suit for debt and consequent "mulct," the details of which go for ever unrecorded. It is a case of *aut Siluris aut diabolus*.

West and Vaughan, like most men of their generation, which was deeply religious under a foam of worldliness,

Weary of [their] vain search below, above,

In the First Fair [did] find the Immortal Love.

The wonderful Augustinian lines are Carew's, himself an example of ultimate conversion, and what Donne calls "a Christianly death." But in the summer months of 1640 there must have been slight promise of the young Welshman's reformation. Nor was R. W. one to egg him on towards the *aeterna securitas et secunda aeternitas*. Mr. Thomas Vaughan, senior, far away at Newton in Llansantffraed, under the Brecon Beacons, may have come sorrowfully to that conclusion. Whether he was in any way spurred on in his action by the difficulties of keeping at College his elder hope, who, by his own confession, was not of an economical turn, we shall never know. Henry Vaughan, as we have observed, has nothing to say of educational, nor even structural, Oxford. If he were being "sent down," with his father's knowledge or connivance (a theory by no means absurd), the fatality would excuse a certain soreness towards the more tangible aspects of University life. Nay, more, it would entirely explain the curious and baffling lack of any mention of his Oxford nurture in "Ad Posterum," that poem professedly autobiographical which appeared in "Olor Iscanus," 1651. In any event, this we know, that at the close of his second year, the future disciple of "holy Mr. Herbert" received marching orders for London town: no doubt, to Richard West's tremendous regret and indignation. Perhaps just before the fatal day of parting the two comrades held their final orgies in the Cornmarket, while their hearts were full of grief, and full of dare-devil courage to bury the grief out of sight. Hence the slapdash valediction in metre to that "ingenuous friend" with whom the writer passionately wishes to share "one grave," with whom he prays thereafter always to "stay," drowning his oppressive "cares and discontent" in the medicinal waters of Lethe (2). And what

(1) In the old MS. Proceedings of the Mayor's Court, kept in the Oxford Town Hall, there are unfortunately no Christian names given. The fact that a West figures twice during October, 1638, in these recorded suits, and that a Vaughan appears rather frequently throughout the years 1638-9, counts for nothing one way or the other where full entries might have established or disproved definitely the point at issue.

(2) In Virgil, however, those who "stay" are in quite a different class from those who "drink." The latter, first washing away all former memories, have to go back into the turmoil of life again.



more natural than that consciously, deliberately, with extreme wistfulness, the young Vaughan should have mirrored, in every facet of his mock-merry lines, the serene pastoral beauty of the academic scenes he has loved, and may call his no more?

## REVIEWS

### POETRY AND VERSE—I.

*The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring.* (John Lane. 5s. net.)

*Songs of the Road.* By A. CONAN DOYLE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

*Clyde Songs and Other Verses.* By J. J. BELL. (Gowans and Gray, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Poems and Sonnets.* By PERCY C. AINSWORTH. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Chords of the Zither.* By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (G. W. Browning. New York.)

THE Muse who inspired Mr. Maurice Baring to write these "Poems" must surely be the most graceful and beautiful of the nine sisters. For her no crude, tempestuous emotion, no heat of inharmonious expression, no tinkling spangles and flashing paste; she must be served by careful labour among the mines of language, decorated with the long-sought diamond, the ruby and emerald cunningly arranged with "suns and silver stars." We emphasise the shining, spotless beauty of the poems, and note the calmness of their passion, and are lost in admiration at the delicacy of their workmanship; but the thrill which they bring is not that which comes from some vivid presentation of humanity or human emotions. It is rather the brilliant artistic and intellectual pleasure of a Greek medallion or a carved ivory pagoda. Not a passage in the whole book can move us as do some of the lines in "Love in the Valley," for instance, or a stanza of "Thyrsis," though perhaps these comparisons are a little unfair. But we will quote and discover Mr. Baring's secret:—

Like far-seen palms in the desert air,  
Like phantom isles hung over the seas,  
Like glistening haze in the noontide's glare,  
Or webs of silver on twilight trees:  
So thou seemest, a film of light,  
A baseless dream which at dawn must die;  
Like dew of the morn or the snowflake bright,—  
Child of the moon, descend from the sky.

Come, for the darkness has risen from earth,  
And the moon has breathed o'er the sleeping sea;  
We are weary of toil, we are sated with mirth,  
We are fain to dream, and our dream is of thee.  
The moon and the stars and the lotus flower,  
The lilies and dusk are of no avail,  
For thou art the dream of the twilight hour,  
And lotus and lily, O fair, O frail!

It will be seen that Mr. Baring's art is essentially pictorial. On page after page he delights us by flashing pictures, called up by unerring skill in the magic spell of words. He shows us a round world of beauty:

Lands ever golden with ungarnered corn,  
And yellow roses teeming with brown bees. . . .

As when the moon, a luring sorceress,  
Casting enchantment on the stealthy tide,  
Compels the salt and bitter flood to creep  
And nestle in the inlets of the world,  
And fringe the darkling beaches with pale surf. . . .

The white sails of unnumbered argosies  
Like flakes of snow upon the crimson seas.  
. . . . and all the skeins of foam  
Unravel softly on the vanquished sea.

A hundred other examples of this fascinating visualisation and command of imagery could easily be given. Naturally, excelling in this method, Mr. Baring does not make such an appeal to us in the longer blank-verse dramas of "Tristram and Iseult" and "Proserpine"; the lyric is his especial métier, and for his sonnets and lyrics we have nothing but praise as works of art—the only technical flaw we have discovered is the rhyming of "argosies" with "seas" in one of the quotations above.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wisely warns us, in a rhyming prelude, that his "Songs of the Road" are not to be regarded as making any high bid for poetic laurels. Some of them are suitable for recitation, and they are full of energy, terse, and often epigrammatic; we must, therefore, set these good qualities against what the verses lack in art. The story of the artist who threw his picture out of window in disgust at his ill success, and repenting, replaced it in his studio, to find himself hailed by the critic-visitor as an Impressionist, is exceedingly good. He took the hint, and now—

'Neath his sheltered garden wall,  
When the rain begins to fall,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
You may see them in a row,  
Red effects and lake and yellow  
Getting nicely blurred and mellow,  
With the subtle gauzy mist  
Of the great Impressionist.

With more complex themes the author deals occasionally, and reaches a much higher level than mere rhyming. In "Man's Limitation" the eternal puzzle is touched upon finely, though not solved:—

If you may sing His praises,  
For health He gave to you,  
What of this spine-curved cripple—  
Shall he sing praises too?

If you may justly thank Him  
For strength in mind and limb,  
Then what of yonder weakling—  
Must he give thanks to Him?

There comes no word to tell us  
Why this and that should be,  
Why you should live with sorrow,  
And joy should live with me.

"A Lilt of the Road," acknowledged as "the doggerel Itinerary of a Holiday," is out of place in this book. It is such poor stuff that we are surprised the author thought fit to include it.

Mr. J. J. Bell's "Clyde Songs" appeal to us more strongly than do his "Other Verses," for they are full of that hybrid life, neither wholly sea nor wholly river, which makes our great navigable estuaries so inspiring to the thoughtful onlooker. Songs of tugs, of dredgers and hoppers and lighters, of tramp-steamers and ghost-ships, of mariners and nor'-westers—all these bring a touch of the salt sea-wind, and have a delightful lilt, which at times carries the very rhythmic beat of the engines. Therefore the songs of birds and flowers, and more gentle things which follow, seem a little tame, though we hasten to say that some of them are true poems.

Sincerity and depth of feeling, and the inclination to treat larger themes than those which form the stock-in-trade of the mere rhymester, characterise the "Poems and Sonnets" of the Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth, whose death has recently saddened many who knew his worth. A quotation will illustrate this; the poem is entitled "The Life Everlasting":—

It is not something yet to be revealed—

The everlasting life—'tis here and now;

Passing unseen because our eyes are sealed

With blindness for the pride upon our brow. . . .

It dwells not in innumerable years;  
It is the breath of God in timeless things—  
The strong, divine persistence that inheres  
In love's red pulses and in faith's white wings.

Many of the lyrics are full of fine, delicate thought poetically expressed; as a rule they are more pleasing than the sonnets, although the latter are technically correct and carefully wrought. A wistful note runs through all the book:—

No man loveth the land possessed  
As he loveth the promised land,

wrote the author in a tender little poem entitled "Some Better Thing;" and we can only express our heartfelt regret that a man who saw life so sanely and had a true lyrical gift should have passed away at such a promising moment of his career.

There is plenty of graceful rhyming, but not much poetry, in Mr. Clinton Scollard's "Chords of the Zither." He celebrates, as his title suggests, that peculiar atmosphere known to minor novelists as the "glamour of the Orient," and celebrates it very prettily, with the aid of musical words and lilting stanzas. It is our own loss, doubtless, if we have to look up the meaning of "tettix" and "carob," but we appreciate keenly how handy the latter word must be when a rhyme for "Arab" is needed. In the magazines the author's verses are a charming variation from the hackneyed themes usually treated; collected in one volume they sound the one note rather too persistently. The poet, however, sings as he wishes, not as we wish, and if he would always sing as melodiously as Mr. Scollard the critic's mood might be less irritable.

## THE AMAZING DUCHESS

*The Amazing Duchess. Being the Romantic History of Elizabeth Chudleigh.* By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

MR. CHARLES E. PEARCE has the happy knack of extracting from his subject only the most salient and vital incidents. He has saturated himself in the period of the early Georges, not because he wanted to pick out one of its most extraordinary women and write a book about her, but rather because he has a natural leaning towards eighteenth-century times. We catch his enthusiasm. His gay, almost rollicking, style makes for no dull reading. From the first page to the last we are in for a very good time indeed. A book of this kind is far more entrancing than the average novel. It is charged with a hundred characters, a hundred scenes that stamp themselves clearly upon the mind. Over and above the masques and *bons mots* and brilliant scenes of revelry rises Elizabeth Chudleigh, amazing from start to finish of her extraordinary career. We may not find it in our hearts to love Elizabeth, or even to agree with all the chivalrous utterances of Mr. Pearce concerning her, but, nevertheless, she interests us profoundly, because she possessed a personality so strong and so original that she succeeded in climbing to the height of her ambition. She had a forceful character, unceasing energy, and a belief in her own powers, all of which were factors in the building up of her many triumphs. Other women of her period were hopelessly neurotic, subject to "vapours," given to intrigue and the spreading of petty slander; their lives spent in a restless search after pleasure. Elizabeth was a supreme opportunist. Present circumstances, however unpleasant, were by no means barriers to future attainment. She forced circumstance into the hot furnace of her desire, and by her very strength of purpose compelled it to serve

her own ends. The pity of it all is that a woman with so much capacity, so strenuous, so alive to everything about her, should have been simply content to win social position, to amass wealth, to laugh at the Church, law, and convention generally merely to satisfy a vanity that was almost a disease. And yet we must take Elizabeth for what she was, and not for what we think she might have been. When we sum up the events of her life, and the comments of others concerning her, we are forced to admit, in agreement with Mr. Pearce, that the real Elizabeth is, and perhaps ever will be, a profound and fascinating mystery. Her maxim was to be "short, clear, and surprising." She was certainly surprising!

Elizabeth's first lover was the Duke of Hamilton. Quoting Miss Chudleigh's own remarks on the subject: "She returned his love with true affection, as deep as her nature would allow her to feel for any one." This was pretty candidly expressed. We are inclined to think that all Elizabeth's love affairs, from the Duke of Hamilton to her infatuation for the rogue Wort, were subordinate to her love of ambition, to her love of self. The little affair with the Duke of Hamilton came to nothing, in spite of the fact that "the young couple plighted their troth, at the same time swearing each other to secrecy." There was not much secrecy at a time when calumny was rife, when Walpole and others cultivated the pernicious habit of writing with zest about the latest scandal of the hour. Mrs. Hanmer intercepted the Duke of Hamilton's letters, with the disloyal intention of making arrangements for her niece to marry him instead. Elizabeth, no doubt, keenly felt the apparent neglect of her lover, and in consequence began to encourage a young naval officer, the Hon. Augustus Hervey. There was considerable passion on Hervey's side, nothing of the kind on Elizabeth's. This being so, it is difficult to understand why so shrewd a woman, with a keen eye to money, should have married an almost penniless naval officer, unless she did so as a stopgap or simply out of pique. The midnight wedding took place at Lainston, and everything was done to keep the whole affair a secret. Elizabeth was a Maid of Honour, a privileged position she had not the slightest intention of losing.

Two days after the marriage Lieutenant Hervey was ordered to the West Indies, and Elizabeth returned to her duties at Court, heartily glad to be rid of a man she so heartily disliked. Upon Hervey's return he persistently attempted to see his wife; but to no purpose. Elizabeth refused to meet him. This very strained relationship was suddenly relieved by Hervey being ordered to the Mediterranean. However, the relief was only of short duration. Hervey again returned to England, and all Elizabeth's tactics this time could not prevail upon her husband to desist from troubling her. He met her in her rooms in Conduit-street, and the scene that followed is best described in Mr. Pearce's own words: "Hervey's face flushed, a fierce light leaped to his eyes when he saw the woman, then at the zenith of her charms, and who was his wife by right and by law. That she did not love him was nothing at such a moment. He strode towards her. Alarmed at his appearance, and fearing bodily harm, Elizabeth turned towards the door. In an instant Hervey had bounded across the room, and she was locked in!" The sequel to this thrilling event was that some months after Elizabeth became a mother. The Hon. Mrs. Hervey was still known at Court as "Miss Chudleigh," and in consequence still maintained her position of Maid of Honour. Her temporary retirement to Chelsea was covered by the excuse that she needed a change "for the benefit of her health."

In these days of nude and semi-nude dances upon the music-hall stage we cannot, perhaps, appreciate fully the sensation Elizabeth caused at the famous Somerset House



masquerade in the rôle of Iphigenia. Her lack of raiment awakened considerable comment, even at a time when modesty was certainly not in the ascendant. The King, however, was delighted, and, according to Walpole, often more piquant than truthful in his remarks, his Majesty was very much in love with the lively Elizabeth, to whom he gave a valuable watch, "discharged out of his private purse," and also made Mrs. Chudleigh housekeeper at Windsor Castle.

We need not go into detail as to Elizabeth's marriage with the Duke of Kingston, and all the scandals that preceded it at Tunbridge Wells and Knightsbridge, to say nothing of the storm of comment that followed later. From Thomas Whitehead, the Duke's valet, we get some curious and interesting sidelights on Elizabeth's character at this time. The picture drawn by Whitehead does not reveal a happy state of affairs, although we must remember that this man's letters on the subject were considerably biassed. The Duke of Kingston was apparently entirely under the control of his wife, and on two occasions she caused his belongings to be unceremoniously flung out of the carriage into the road. Whitehead remarks: "It was her usual custom in hot weather, while at table, to rise from her chair and fan herself by taking hold of her petticoats and well shaking them." The valet has something to say in regard to Elizabeth's abnormal appetite. He writes: "At dinner-time, and in company of a dozen or more, I have often known the Duchess rise from the table, having stuffed most immoderately, go into the adjoining room, leaving the door open, . . . presently returning to her company smiling and say: 'I beg your pardon, a fit of the gout took me in the stomach, but I am now much better.'" Further details follow, and we are not surprised to learn that "Her Grace was ever complaining of a pain in her stomach and head, . . . for she never allowed nature sufficient time to digest her victuals. Between breakfast and dinner-time, while airing in the park, I have known her order the carriage five or six times, and take tea, chocolate, sweet cakes, and Madeira, or some other damper, every time she returned." Thus does the possible prototype of our modern Harriet expose the little weaknesses of Elizabeth.

After the death of the Duke of Kingston the will was disputed, old stories were revived concerning Hervey, now Earl of Bristol, and the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court was brushed aside. Elizabeth was informed that she must return immediately from Rome to answer a charge of bigamy brought against her. She was tried in Westminster Hall, and Mr. Pearce gives a vivid description of the famous trial. Its result and the years spent at the Russian Court and elsewhere we have not space to discuss. In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Pearce has achieved a striking literary triumph. He has rolled up the curtain of the eighteenth century, and upon the stage of the past we see vividly before us the amazing Elizabeth Chudleigh.

### PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

*Russian Flashlights.* By JAAKOFF PRELOOKER. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.)

THOUGH this most interesting and thrilling work is mainly based on facts and terrible incidents that have unfortunately been only too common during the last ten years, it reads in many parts more like a sensational novel than sober truth. But those who are as well acquainted with the real life of Russia as the author of this work undoubtedly is need not have recourse to fiction to startle or rivet the attention of their readers; for the actual truth about the events that are continually occurring in the great

Empire of the Tsar is more startling and more full of dramatic incident than any novel or play ever conceived by the ingenuity or imagination of man. When the long-drawn-out drama of the Russian revolution comes to be written, when all the details of that awful struggle between the ideas and ideals of the West and the East are made known to the English people, it will be seen that the short, sanguinary, fitful, and turbulent French Revolution was but child's play compared to this silent, grim, and protracted death-struggle that has convulsed the Russian Empire ever since the days of Nicholas I., when the ideas sown throughout Europe by the soldiers of the French Revolution and of Napoleon commenced to permeate the Russian people. On whatever side our sympathies may be, we must confess that the revolutionists described in these pages were men indeed.

The thousands who have cheerfully marched to the scaffold, to the dark, cold cells of the fortresses, there to find an early grave or a fate more horrible—the dark mines and frozen tundras of Siberia—are heroes without question. When the complete story of this terrible drama is known in free England, of the numbers who have been shot, sent to prison, or exiled for claiming those rights and principles which every Englishman regards as his sacred birthright, most of us will sympathise with the revolutionists in their great struggle, although we cannot always condone or admire their violent methods. The hairbreadth adventures of which this book is full read like sensational fiction, and had we not men living amongst us like Prince Krapotkine, Volkonsky, and others who have avoided these perils, we should say such things were utterly impossible. The account of the remarkable life and escape of Gregory Gershuni from the Akatui Prison in Eastern Siberia is the most thrilling of all. To escape from such a place, under the very eyes of the prison authorities, required not only marvellous skill and ingenuity, but nerves of iron and a contempt of death which is only equalled by the Japanese and the Mongolian races of Asia. But Gershuni was neither a Japanese nor a Russian, but a simple little Israelite, one of that despised race which has played such a foremost rôle in the struggle against the autocratic and bureaucratic rule of the Tsars. Even at his trial Gershuni's dignified conduct and powerful, statesman-like speech produced an extraordinary impression on all present. In fact, after signing the death-warrant, one of the Judges, pointing to the prisoner, said quite loudly, "Yes, this one is indeed a man!"

It is a grave indictment that such gifted men should be driven by the present state of affairs obtaining in Russia into capital crime, which, of course, must be punished by death or exile to Siberia. It is still a greater pity that the Russian Government cannot find some better use for many of the bravest of its sons and daughters than placing a halter round their necks. Russia has none too many men of intellect that she can afford to see the élite of her manhood and womanhood hanged, shot, or sent to eat out their hearts in the barren wastes among criminals and felons of the lowest type. Let us hope that these barbarous methods of combating modern thought, which have long since been abandoned in Western Europe, will soon be a thing of the past in Russia also. The mystery of Father Gapon, "Traitor or Martyr," is one of the most thrilling chapters of the book. Gapon appears to have been done away with by the revolutionists because he would not sanction their terroristic and bomb-throwing methods. He would not go far enough for the extremists, who therefore regarded him as a traitor, and he was cruelly put to death, notwithstanding his many services to the people. It was a case of "the revolution devouring its own children," as in France during the Terror. Rutenberg's cruel act cannot be justified, even if the plea be true "that he undertook the assassination of Gapon in

order to establish the confidence of the revolutionists in himself."

The excesses and mistakes of such extremists as Rutenburg have done more to discredit and overthrow the Russian revolution than all the agents of the Government combined. The fact that a man like Mr. Prelooker, with his humane—one might almost say Christlike—ideals, should be a revolutionist, or entertain profound sympathy for the revolutionary cause, speaks volumes for the terrible state of the Russian Empire, since peaceful, Godfearing, cultured, and refined men of the type of the author do not become revolutionists without good cause. The life of the author of this work and his attempts not only to broaden out and reform the religious beliefs of his own Jewish brethren but to bring about a reconciliation between Jew and Christian, are almost as interesting as his account of the marvellous escapes of Russian revolutionists from Siberia. His painful attempts to acquire a University education, the struggles of this youth, full of energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm, his desire to do something great, something that would benefit the whole of humanity, are the key of this much misunderstood man's character. From such men as Prelooker the Russian has little to fear, if treated with consideration, tact, and courtesy, for their weapons are not the bomb and the knife of the assassin, which merely destroy the body but do not change the mind of those who are attacked.

Not the least interesting portion of "Russian Flashlights" is the light it throws on the author's own character and the difficulties he has experienced in maintaining his own independence. From its pages we see that he has many enemies, and it is a mistake to think that his path, even in England, is strewn with roses. He has met, and is still meeting, with plenty of attacks and bitter opposition. As the irony of fate would have it, the campaign against this reformer has been carried out not so much by outsiders as by the very people whose cause he is defending with devotion and ability, and whom he is helping not only with his pen, but with his purse as well. "Like Gapon, he does not go far enough;" did he live in Russia, with all its violence and acts of terrorism on both sides, he would probably meet Gapon's fate, notwithstanding all he has done and suffered for the cause of freedom, progress, and religious liberty.

It is evident that until the Russian revolutionists become more humane in their methods and less extreme in their views, they will never command sufficient sympathy in Russia or abroad to overthrow the present existing Government itself, for violence begets violence, and whether this infraction of the Divine law proceeds from above or below, the effects are equally disastrous on the State and the people belonging to it. It is high time that the extremists on both sides came to their senses. This will only be possible when men such as Mr. Prelooker are allowed to live in their own country and work for the regeneration of the ignorant masses and the amelioration of their hard lot. When we remember that fifty years ago the Russian people were mainly serfs, bought and sold like cattle, together with the land they tilled, we cannot expect them to be fit for those political rights which we have only obtained after hundreds of years of struggle and the slow methods of evolution. But that very much more could be done for the suffering and down-trodden millions in Russia than is at present the case is evident from a perusal of this enlightening work.

On reading it we come to the conclusion that the Revolution in Russia which is paralysing the energies of that great Empire will continue until the reins of power are taken from the hands of the police, the priests, the bureaucracy, and placed more in the hands of the upper and middle classes, or such representatives of the people who may be classed among the "intellectuals." It is no secret to those who are conversant with Russian affairs that the

revolutionist agitators are still in full activity, and that all the hanging, shooting, transporting, flogging that has been tried by the reactionaries against the revolutionaries is useless. The latter are only awaiting an opportunity to spring into being, active and potent as of old, but far more cautious and experienced, for their follies and mistakes have taught them some bitter lessons. The gallows, the knout, imprisonment, exile, and physical torture cannot kill the movement or rob it of the enthusiasm of its adherents, as the pages in this volume only too clearly prove.

Want of space does not permit us to dwell more on this illuminating work. It should be subsequently published in two parts, and in a cheaper form, for, strictly speaking, the Life of Joseph Prelooker and "Russian Flashlights" are two separate subjects. Whether we agree or disagree with the aims of the author, we cannot fail to be enlightened and entertained by his notable and worthy book.

J. W. B. S.

## THE CHURCH DURING THE LAST CENTURY

*The English Church in the Nineteenth Century.* By FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. Two Parts, 7s. 6d. each.)

WE have in this book the conclusion of the series forming a complete History of the English Church, edited by the late Dean Stevens, of Winchester, and Dr. W. Hunt. There have been seven previous volumes. These last are a monument of patient industry, and represent an enormous amount of real hard work. No one who desires to possess a valuable book of reference to the questions which agitated the Church during the last century can dispense with the records in these volumes. The mass of materials at hand for so recent a period probably constitutes the historian's chief difficulty, and one which we are not quite sure has been satisfactorily overcome by this writer. So we have two volumes instead of one, as in the rest of the series. And for the ordinary reader we think one would have sufficed.

To begin with, the book is altogether over-weighted with long and elaborate accounts of ecclesiastical law-suits. For example, no less than eighty pages are occupied with the obsolete controversies raised by "Essays and Reviews" and the Hampden, Gorham, and Colenso cases. For present-day interest one-tenth of this space might well have sufficed. There are many other instances of disproportionate expansion. Mr. Cornish's work merits the highest praise from the point of view of remarkably painstaking research and most careful accuracy, but he is too minute in his record of unimportant details. Who now desires to know that "Dr. Christopher Wordsworth (1774-1846), Dean of Bocking, and afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, published a pamphlet in 1810 expressing objections to the intrusion of an undenominational society on the province of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge"? Or that an obscure Archdeacon had a quarrel with one Josiah Pratt over the rival claims of S.P.G. and C.M.S. at a meeting held in 1817 at the Octagon Chapel, Bath? Such trifles are unworthy of a great subject: they make the student impotent, and, further, they tend to withdraw attention from the development of aims and ideals, the historic sequences of causes and effects, the main principles and ethics of history. It is true that a good historian must apply a relentless scrutiny to every available historical document, paper, letter, or pamphlet; and this we admit Mr. Cornish has well done. But it is equally true that the historian needs a very sound judgment as to the importance of the facts necessary to include or exclude in their relation to the general course of



events. It is here, we think, that the author is somewhat deficient in a sense of proportion. Nor does he attempt to follow the methods of the scientific historian, "whose ideal is to state facts and causes, but never to pronounce sentence." Such a detached attitude is, however, hardly to be expected, seeing that the air is still full of the religious controversies of the nineteenth century. But Mr. Cornish's comments are rather extensive. Yet they are generally free, as he claims, from "the spirit of a partisan," with one notable exception. We cannot avoid the conclusion that he is, to some extent, biassed against the Tractarian Movement, of which he rightly gives a very full account. It is curious that so penetrating a writer should seem unable to distinguish with logical clearness between Catholic and Roman Catholic. There is no excuse for saying that "Tract 90 was meant to reconcile with subtle reasoning two irreconcilable positions—the Anglican and the Roman," however this statement may be modified by other assertions. For it was nothing of the kind.

In Tract 90 the writer says that—

It is often urged . . . that there are in the Articles propositions or terms inconsistent with the Catholic Faith. . . . The following Tract is drawn up with the view of showing how groundless the objection is. . . .

Here it is obvious "Catholic" does not mean "Roman Catholic." Nor can we agree that Tract 90 "has in the event proved a breaking down of the hedge between England and Rome." Mr. Cornish falls into a not uncommon error when he speaks of the Thirty-nine Articles as Articles of Faith. In the Prayer-book their designation is Articles of Religion, which is a very different thing. Again, Mr. Cornish seems to regard the Articles solely as a barrier set up between the Anglican and Roman branches of the Church, apparently overlooking the fact that several are directed against certain Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines. Newman, it is said, in Tract 91, "looks at the whole question in an unhistorical perspective," and makes "unhistorical distinctions."

This last assertion is provoked by the passage—

The Articles are not written against the Creed of the Roman Church, but against actual existing errors in it, whether taken into its system or not.

Mr. Cornish's objection to this simple fact arises from that strange confusion of mind which places the Articles—a result of local struggle—on a par with the Catholic Creeds of Christendom.

We have written at some length on this point as illustrating the author's attitude towards a movement with which he is not in sympathy, and of which he evidently finds it difficult to form a broad and judicial estimate. The same spirit is shown in Mr. Cornish's comments on the struggles of the clergy for toleration and liberty of action and practice in matters now unquestioned or even admitted to be legal. He begs the whole question by calling these clergy "law-breakers." He does not understand the opposition of the clergy to Bishops. Nor does it occur to him to estimate the potential force of principle underlying a movement which has overcome the opposition, power, and influence of several generations of Bishops, and successfully defied the coercive legislation of the State. But such things an impartial historian is bound to observe in weighing the balance of cause and effect in the making of history.

There are a few omissions. Nothing of interest is said of the development of religious life and work of the Church in Wales, which, in view of attempts at disendowment, is surely of importance. There is scarcely any account beyond a passing reference of the relation of the Church to literature and art—a great subject worthy of careful treatment,

considering the far-reaching influence of religion upon English literature and art during the nineteenth century. This is an oversight difficult to understand. Nor is there apparently even an allusion to the modern growth of what is called "Christian Socialism."

But, although we have offered these criticisms on Mr. Cornish's work, we are, at the same time, constrained to repeat that he has produced a standard book of reference to the events (important and unimportant) of Church life in the last century. And after all the scholarly student of history cannot but value deep research nor that minute grasp of detail which enables him to form his own independent judgment.

## A HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

*The French Revolution.* By HILAIRE BELLOC, M.A. With Maps.

*Polar Exploration.* By DR. W. S. BRUCE, F.R.S.E., Leader of the "Scotia" Expedition. With Maps.

*Short History of War and Peace.* By G. H. PERRIS.

*Irish Nationality.* By MRS. J. R. GREEN.

*The Socialist Movement.* By RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P. Illustrated.

*The Stock Exchange.* By F. W. HIRST, Editor of *The Economist*.

*Parliament.* By SIR C. P. ILBERT, Clerk of the House of Commons.

*Evolution of Plants.* By DR. D. H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated.

*Modern Geography.* By DR. MARION NEWBIGIN. Illustrated.

*Shakespeare.* By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net each.)

It is, in some senses, not the most fortunate of titles to have chosen. It suggests pedagogy and text-books. It upcalls visions of cramming and mental strenuousness. Yet it was obviously not these things that Messrs. Williams and Norgate had in mind when they schemed their Home University Library. The names of its editors suggest confidence, for it would be difficult to select three men better fitted, taking temperament together with academic qualification, for the purpose of guiding the high ship of knowledge into the confined spaces of busy lives than Herbert A. L. Fisher, Gilbert Murray, and J. Arthur Thomson. This might have been postulated before a list of the books they proposed to introduce into their scheme had been decided on; but the list that is now before us assuredly makes their claim good.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc handles the "French Revolution" in characteristic and vigorous style. His familiarity with his subject is a pledge and earnest of his matter. But he has not sought to make his book a mere compendium of accepted opinion; he has couched his lance to warfare. In his interpretation of the eager beliefs that interpenetrated the philosophic wave which preceded and largely helped to evoke the Revolution it is impossible always to concur. Similarly in his estimate of the "Characters of the Revolution" it is difficult always to see eye to eye with him. And the whole chapter "The Catholic Church" awakes the critical mind. Nevertheless, all this goes to quicken the indubitable fire there is in the book; and it would be difficult to discover in any other short compass so complete a statement of "The Military Aspect" of the Revolution—a not inconsiderable portion of that momentous awakening. If

Mr. Belloc was fitted to undertake the French Revolution, there are few men better able to undertake "Polar Exploration" than Dr. William Bruce. Knowing both Polar Regions, he writes not only with considerable learning, but with personal knowledge and experience. It is no small tribute to such a book as this to say that the historical portion is its least interesting phase. Yet it is well deserved, for he treats with extraordinary charm on questions of Arctic Flora, Animals, Meteorology, not to say the Coloration and Formation of Ice, and Magnetism. Mr. Perris has a somewhat more recondite subject in his "History of War and Peace." Seeing that he traces his history from the Euphrates valley to The Hague Conference, it will easily be gathered that he studies brevity with good effect, but it is not at the expense of his subject. Moreover, his book is a substantial addition to the cause of Peace.

The issues already mentioned are bound in red cloth; the next four volumes are bound in brown, to signify, doubtless, their homelier interest. Yet surely Mrs. J. R. Green was worthy of a more vivid hue; or, if not Mrs. Green, at least the "Irish Nationality." This is perhaps the most valuable of the whole series, and the most needed. It is a right understanding of a much misunderstood subject, and as such should be placed in all hands far and wide. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, in handling "The Socialist Movement," deals with a somewhat better-known subject, and his treatment is complete and exceedingly able; but he fails, rather, to distinguish between the Socialism of enthusiasm and the very much more crabbed affair of the Parliamentary tactician. The Editor of the *Economist* on "The Stock Exchange" makes somewhat drier reading than does Sir Courtenay Ilbert on "Parliament." But they both deal with organisations that were once agents, but which have now, by the increasing subtlety of their professional participants, become masters. It is interesting to hear Sir Courtenay Ilbert speak of the member who wishes to "declare his independence of party by declining to receive any party whip." "By so doing," he says, "he sometimes increases his chance of a hearing in the House, but usually endangers his seat."

In most such series as these Science predominates. It is a worthy sign of the times that in this series Science is relegated to secondary importance. Dr. Scott covers somewhat familiar ground in his "Evolution of Plants;" and if he does not succeed in saying much that is different to his predecessors in the popular botanical field, he gains in force by laying emphasis on the paleontological side of his subject. To those who recall dry-as-dust schoolbooks on Geography Dr. Newbigin's book will come as a revelation of interest and charm.

There is only one literary book in the whole series; and its subject is, very fitly, Shakespeare, which honour is consigned to the care of Mr. Masfield. His was undoubtedly a difficult task, considering the scope of the series; but he has not treated it with the success we should have expected from him. What he says he says well: the difficulty is rather in what he has elected to say. After giving some seven pages to Shakespeare's "Life," and another five to "The Elizabethan Theatre," the remainder of the book is occupied with a detailed analysis of each play, taken in conjectured order of writing. The result is not so much a book on Shakespeare dealt with as a whole as a pocket running commentary on his plays, in which he shows an over-disparagement of the read play as against the acted version. We have not seen any of the better plays that has not lost infinitely in acting.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have rendered a considerable service in this series; and it is to be hoped that the public demand will compensate them. Newly-written books, well printed, neatly bound and daintily got up, at a shilling

each, is a revelation indeed even in this day of cheap books. In point of fact, some of these books, as, for instance, that by Mrs. J. R. Green, deal with subjects that are not covered by books at five and six times their price. Commercial success should follow the venture, if only because it has already achieved the far higher success of supplying a genuine need.

## FOR THE KING!

*The Champions of the Crown.* By LUCY SEALY. With Twelve Portraits. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MISS SEALY has chosen a capital subject, for there is plenty of interest in the careers of the men who were Charles I.'s chief supporters in the field against either the English Parliamentarians or the Scottish Covenanters. In these pages we have a series of biographical sketches of ten gallant and several of them very dashing nobles or gentlemen who figured conspicuously on the Royalist side during the great Civil War. Miss Sealy thinks that some odium attaches to the name of "Cavalier," and that many people on hearing it call up a vision of "roystering, godless soldiers, fighting solely for power, wealth or license." There may still be, perhaps, some benighted or prejudiced folk who hold that view. If so they will do well to peruse Miss Sealy's volume. She first introduces to us two "Champions of the North"—the well-known Marquess of Newcastle (on whom the author of the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" recently wrote an important book) and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, a "very lean and much mortified," but none the less extremely energetic, man, whom the Roundheads detested the more bitterly as he was a Roman Catholic. We are next presented with accounts of two "Champions of the West"—first, William Seymour, Marquess of Hertford, who in his romantic youth married the fair and unfortunate Arabella Stuart, and afterwards proved to be a very inefficient commander; and, secondly, doughty Sir Ralph Hopton, who was a far better soldier; one, indeed, who had carefully studied the methods of Gustavus Adolphus. Next a "Champion from the Fens" comes forward in the person of the right gallant Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, an able general, whom Charles at first appointed to be his Commander-in-chief, and who, had he not been overruled in favour of the headstrong Prince Rupert, might perhaps have won that battle of Edgehill at which he received the wounds from which he afterwards bled to death in Essex's camp from lack of medical attention. Following Lindsey comes another good soldier, Sir Jacob, afterwards Lord, Astley, the very type of an English Royalist, and here described as a "Champion from the Midlands."

At last there stands before us the "Champion of the Blood Royal," Prince Rupert, he who, in spite of all his *bravura* and a certain amount of military talent, was responsible, in our opinion, for more Royalist defeats than any other general of the period. Disastrous for the King's cause at many a time was that privilege which Rupert, in his overweening vanity, exacted that nobody, excepting Charles in person, should ever give him orders. Imagine Napoleon giving *carte blanche* to those great cavalry leaders of his day, Murat and Lasalle. In pleasant contrast to the impulsive and passionate Rupert appears the serene, high-minded and accomplished "Champion of the Constitution," Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who was unhappily struck down at the first battle of Newbury. England could ill afford to lose such a "promoter of all endeavours of peace betwixt the King and the Parliament." In that connection, had Falkland lived longer, much might have been accomplished, perhaps, by his wisdom and his influence.

"A Champion of Adventure" is the name which Miss



Sealy bestows on George, Lord Digby, a singular and contradictory nobleman of whom in a later century Horace Walpole wrote that, with great parts, he had always hurt himself and his friends; and that, with romantic bravery, he had always been an unsuccessful general. Very different was James Graham, the ever-famous Marquess of Montrose, who became the Royalist "Champion of Scotland." He was, we think, the very best leader of men serving on the side of the Crown throughout the whole Civil War. And he was also a strategist. On reading of some of the episodes in his long contest with Argyle one is reminded of the bold and skilful movements executed by Napoleon during the memorable Campagne de France of 1814. Montrose figures last, but certainly not least, in Miss Sealy's pages, and of all the biographical sketches which are there assembled that of him has seemed to us the most attractive.

The author's industry in gathering together a variety of interesting information respecting the personages who figure in her gallery is to be commended, but her book is not impeccable. This being the first time we have met her name we think that "The Champions of the Crown" may be, perhaps, her first serious literary effort. We would point out to her, then, that her style is susceptible of improvement. We could wish here and there for a somewhat lighter touch, and, in connection with such a theme as she has chosen, an occasional dash of vivacity. Further, there are times when she uses slipshod English. This may be due to excessive haste in composition, a besetting fault among many writers of the present time. But we must add that the construction of Miss Sealy's book is also somewhat unfortunate, as it entails no little repetition. For instance, after describing the conduct of one character at Edgehill, she subsequently has to describe that of another at the same engagement; then, farther on, that of a third, and ultimately that of a fourth also. Again, Marston Moor crops up repeatedly. Thus, while each individual sketch is satisfactory in itself, the *ensemble* of the book suffers. When Miss Sealy comes to Montrose she strikes fresh ground, and it is, perhaps, for this reason that we have found her account of him more to our liking than others. Still her book has its merits and its utility, for all the men in her gallery are interesting and some of them important personages. A portrait is given of each of them, as well as one of Elizabeth of Bohemia, whilst the frontispiece reproduces the well-known painting by Vandyke, showing Charles I. in three positions.

## INFANTRY TACTICS

*A Study of the Development of Infantry Tactics.* By COLONEL BECA. Translated by CAPTAIN A. F. CUSTANCE. With a Preface by COLONEL HACKET PAIN, C.B. With Plans. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d.)

CAPTAIN CUSTANCE has rendered a great service to students of military problems in this country by placing within the reach of all the views contained in this small book. Without necessarily agreeing with Colonel Beca (indeed, we disagree strongly with some of his conclusions), we must confess to having read with great interest this terse and clearly expressed study of infantry tactics.

With the present grouping of the great Powers of Europe, it seems likely that our next great war will find us fighting with the French as allies and the Germans as antagonists. Any officer who has read this book cannot fail to have learned much of the tactics of the French and German armies respectively, and for that reason, if for that only, it should well repay perusal. The Preface and Introduction to the book are necessary helps to the British reader, Colonel Hacket Pain explaining clearly the tactical

tendencies of the French and Germans, while Captain Custance's diagrams show clearly the various formations which Colonel Beca alludes to in the course of the work.

The views of the author appear to be the very opposite of those held by most British officers after the late Boer war. He voices the opinion widely held abroad that only by sheer weight of men thrown into the fight opposite the point to be assaulted can an attack succeed, and that the preliminary disposition of troops for battle should therefore be of relatively great depth. In short, his tactics are those of penetration, not those of envelopment. The following quotation from one of the last paragraphs of the work well sums up his views:—

It is therefore a formation of columns in depth which we find favoured nowadays in the decisive attack, and which in reality constitutes a reversion to Napoleonic methods; and in spite of the adverse criticisms of the advocates of the new tactics (chiefly British), who still maintain that they see in these methods only a sacrifice of human lives, but which were crowned with complete success at Plevna, and also in the late Titanic struggle in the Far East when the Japanese did not hesitate to push forward in masses upon masses.

The book abounds in information as to past military history, some of it of very great interest. Speaking of the causes of Prussia's success in 1866, he says: "One man, Moltke; one idea, decentralisation; one force, multiplicity of tactical units." He quotes the opinion of General Langlois as to the causes for our non-success at the beginning of the South African War. He says that the tactics adopted by the British Generals were characterised by:

- A.—The absence of properly-organised protection.
- B.—The want of knowledge of the duties of advanced guards.
- C.—The total absence of the knowledge of the principles of manœuvring.
- D.—The neglect of preparatory action.
- E.—At once passing to the decisive stage along the whole front.

The author adds that our disasters must be attributed to our own shortcomings. We may perhaps take heart of grace from remembering the somewhat indifferent success of picked German troops in that same country against an enemy very inferior to the Boers.

As previously mentioned, the writer relates that the Japanese in their late war in Manchuria did not hesitate to push forward in masses upon masses to hard-earned but complete victory. Without taking the word masses too literally, this is true, but it is also true that the Russians at decisive ranges used volleys, were bad shots, and were armed with a rifle which, at short ranges, was not correctly sighted. On the whole, this is a most interesting book, and one to be read.

## VISIONS

*The Giants of the Earth.* By C. M. SALWEY. (Taylor. 1s. net.)

WE have hitherto associated Mrs. C. M. Salwey with very excellent Japanese work. In the present book, however, she has given us a few prose studies purporting to be the visions she has received in regard to things spiritual. We have had many visionary books abounding in mystical references to Daniel, Ezekiel, and the Book of Revelation. The majority of these volumes have had the depressing effect of not enlightening the reader, but leaving him dazed and bewildered. Mrs. Salwey, however, is a true mystic, whose aim is not to mystify, but to set down in simple,

forceful, and poetical language the knowledge that has been vouchsafed to her. Her message rings true because it is so eminently sincere. She approaches the Kingdom of God in the spirit of a little child, and not as Omar did, in the spirit of a blustering and wine-tossed man. This is not a sealed book hedged about with adepts, astral bodies, and Theosophical phraseology, to be comprehended only by the initiate. It is the message of a mother treading softly down the ways of the world, communing with the big, strong creatures of wealth and storm and warfare, and finding at the end of her spiritual adventures that Love is the key to all mystery and the one true form of eternal happiness.

The Giants are the Gods of Gold, Iron, Nature, and Fire. In addition there is the Goddess of the Sea, or the Angel of the Waters. Of the God of Gold Mrs. Salwey writes:—"His throne was of gold, the kopje in which he rested on the mountain-side was refulgent with the same precious metal." Kopje was certainly the wrong word to use. It suggests the Boer war, and even a god cannot rest in but on a kopje. From Giant to Giant the inquiring woman passes. Mrs. Salwey is most successful in "Monarchs of the Forest." Here her prose is touched with poetry, and suggests the Buddhist conception of the oneness of all life. The trees seem to be mingled with the presence of spirits, and the soft murmur of the branches is the sound of their voices. Thus speaks the Monarch of the Forest:—

As a child you held in your hand a plaything dear to you, made of our substance. We formed the comforts and luxuries of your home as well as its necessities. Your hands have often touched us. Your arms often encircled those of our community who flourished near your birthplace. You rested your tired limbs in the shade we flung. You culled the flowerets we had assisted to rise and live; and when life had run its course of those dear to you, we preserved their frail bodies from sudden decay. Yet from that moment we were dearer to each other than by any previous alliance, for we became part of each other. We claimed them as our ally, to work out the mysterious will of Nature indorsed by the Will of God.

When the woman has desired above everything a love that shall extend to all parts of the world, to all races, she comes in contact with the God of Fire. Then it is that she receives a quickening influence that banishes all dross and leaves the soul shining and pure, filled with the joy of giving a love that has its fountain-head in the Divine Himself.

This little book, so full of spiritual charm, so touched with poetry, concludes with the waking of the wandering woman. She sits at an open window looking out into the garden. Her little son stands by her side. Thus he speaks:—"Mother . . . there has been a storm, but it is over now. I am quite safe—don't be afraid: we are together. I am sure God has taken care of all my sparrows—and, see here, in the storm God came down into my little garden and in a great hurry He picked for you my tallest lily!"

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary.* (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. net.)

THIS small dictionary will be appreciated when travelling. It appears to be accurate and to compress into a small space a very large number of words with their shades of meaning lucidly explained. The little work of some four hundred pages cannot fail to be extremely useful. If dictionaries of modern languages are to follow, compiled

on the same lines, we think that they will be of even greater value and convenience, because a dead language is more often studied in the library, where complete dictionaries are to be found on the shelves, while a *vade-mecum* of modern languages is convenient to every one on his travels.

*"The Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel. A Guide to Home and Foreign Resorts, 1911.* (Horace Cox. 2s. 6d.)

"THE QUEEN" Newspaper Book of Travel" is a very thorough guide-book, which all people suffering from the modern mania for change should have on their bookshelves for reference. We specially appreciate the fact that the places dealt with are mentioned in alphabetical order, as no time is lost hunting up counties, districts, &c. The several chapters entitled "Practical Hints" should prove useful; as also the common-sense advice given about the clothing needed for different tours. The work appears to us, after a cursory examination, to be very complete in all respects, and—a fact which is not to be disregarded—it is written both simply and comprehensively.

## FICTION

*A Fair House.* By HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT. (John Lane. 6s.)

IF this is not a great book, it is an excellent book, and, what is more, it is a book penned in a pure and lovely spirit. Mr. De Sélincourt is not a writer of great books, but he is a very individualistic writer. There are perhaps not many whose work can readily be detected; but he is certainly one of them. It is not a question of style, for he cannot boast a style in the high sense of the word: it is rather a question of manner, a certain way of looking at life. To call that a philosophy would be to err, at least in the general acceptance of that word. For example, he is in war against morbidity of any kind, and in morbidity should be included the affectation after mere cleverness that is so prevalent in some quarters. In this very book the only disturbing element is caused by a writer, one Selby Parramore, who is the author of books that are bitter and clever and brilliant. Even at his expense Mr. De Sélincourt does not indulge in diatribe or harshness, regarding him as more a loser in his own soul than a creator of trouble in the souls of others. This is the conception of the book. Of plot it has little or none. Its very characterisation is slight and sketchy. Not that the chronology is a matter of a week or so, a short space of time that does not enable him to give sufficient attention to his characters: in point of fact, it covers no less than twenty substantial years. The opening chapter discovers John Camden in gloomy and passionate rebellion over the death of his wife at the premature birth of her first child. His friend Toby Warren discovers him so, and seeks to rouse him from his gloom and deadness of emotion, taking him finally off for a week's walking tour. Mr. De Sélincourt depicts his spiritual recovery of himself, and his absorption of interest in his child—the child that he had seemed to be so listless about in his grief—very finely. After that the story is concerned with their mutual lives—her education, her development, and his development with her and through her, and the nature of their affection the one for the other. It is not much to make a story about, but it is a very beautiful picture. If it be didactic to expose the wrongness of wrong, and the folly of lovelessness by the presentation of loveliness, then this book is didactic: didactic or not, it is beautiful. Whether there is sufficient in it for the purposes of a book is quite another matter. It is not perhaps often that a reviewer desires to say that a book is a frail, sketchy,



and inconsequential thing, but is withheld from his word by the fact that the frail thing was written in a very lovely spirit. This is such an occasion, anyway. There is only one moment of keen interest, and that is when Selby Parramore tampers with the pure, innocent affection of Bridget Camden; but that hardly arrives when it is over. Mr. De Selincourt can do bigger things than this. Why does he not set himself to them? He knows surely that Colossus has his own virtue independent of exquisiteness.

*Adventure.* By JACK LONDON. Coloured Frontispiece. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

It is not often that the title of a story is any real criterion of what the story consists. In this instance Mr. Jack London, dealing with love between whites amidst head-hunting cannibals of the South Seas, introduces the stay-at-home reader, surfeited with the usual insipid fare, to phases of adventure of a distinctly exciting and novel kind. The heroine is an American girl. Not one of those named Sadie or Mamie, dressed in the latest Parisian confection, who talks Yankee slang and is for ever "bossing" her Poppa. Oh, dear no, not at all. The damsel is named Joan, and over heavy braids of brown hair she wears a cowboy Stetson hat (occasionally called a Baden-Powell also), while on her hip hangs a long-barrelled 38 Colt's revolver in its holster, and this is accompanied by a full cartridge-belt of slender girth, as one might expect when it encircles the female form divine. She knows how to use her gun, too, and does not exactly shut her eyes when firing it off. She can steer a whale-boat through the dangerous surf, and, better still, command and navigate a schooner, the only woman on board; and recruit bloodthirsty cannibals, whom everybody else is afraid of, for work on the plantation.

The hero, a Britisher, she nurses through a fever, to which, but for her, he would most assuredly have succumbed. But when convalescent he can find nothing better to do than to be shocked—as most Britishers generally are—at such "goings on," and to tell her that she must not do this and must not do that, for "What would Mrs. Grundy think?" out in the South Sea Islands! The way this solitary white girl deals with hordes of rebellious, vindictive, and treacherous savages seemed to us marvellous until we read the other day how a Mrs. Roby journeyed into Central Africa, and prior to that into other wild parts of the globe, entirely "on her own" and without mishap. Joan is apparently afraid of only one thing, and that is matrimony. But after many thrilling adventures—which our readers should hasten to make themselves acquainted with, and they will not regret it—this delightful young lady embarks on the greatest adventure of all, the "excellent mystery," when she "nestled in the circle of his arms, saying softly, almost in a whisper—'I am ready, Dave.'"

And 'twas thus the Stars and Stripes struck to the Union Jack away out in the Cannibal Islands. We have purposely left Dave, the Britisher, in the background, for he naturally takes somewhat of a back seat all through the story, until the *finale*. But he loses nothing by it, for he wins in the end the sweetest Yankee girl it has ever been our privilege to meet, and we thank Mr. Jack London for introducing us to her. And all for two shillings, with a most alluring coloured frontispiece thrown in!

*Mrs. Thompson.* By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

MR. MAXWELL has achieved an unusual triumph in this story by taking as his heroine a woman of the mysterious age known as "over forty," proprietress of a large general

emporium in a provincial town, and interesting us so deeply in her career that we were unwilling to put the book down unfinished. We had the good fortune to select the adventures of "Mrs. Thompson" for reading during a journey from Devonshire to London, and the author must take it as a high compliment when we say that we could have wished for another half-hour in the train in order to complete the pleasant task of perusal.

Mrs. Thompson is "the best business man in Malling-bridge," and a widow who lacks no suitors; until the young cad Marsden enters her employ and rouses by his sheer masculinity the passions which her weak, insignificant husband had never evoked, she resists all offers. Marsden, however, takes her by storm, artfully, and marries her; then begins her downfall. He saps by his excesses the vitality of the huge business she has so splendidly built up; but he never breaks her spirit. By a magnificent *coup* she joins forces secretly with "Bence's," the rival house on the opposite side of the street, and in due course packs Marsden off, a disappointed and disgusted scoundrel, to the other side of the world. With her romance is combined the love-story of her daughter Enid, who, however, is a much less convincing character. There are some excellent scenes in the book, notably the gathering at the office of Mr. Prentice, the solicitor, where the secret alliance of the two businesses is disclosed. "Mrs. Thompson" is not so psychological as "The Rest Cure," but it is a much stronger story, and one which we heartily commend to our readers.

*Fedora of the Halls.* By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

HITHERTO the name of Mr. Arthur Applin has been invariably associated in one's mind with the more lurid-covered, cheap reprints which bespatter the railway book-stalls. In fact, after a hasty glance at them, they were left severely alone. It would seem to be an unreasoning prejudice which caused such sorry treatment to Mr. Applin, for on reading "Fedora of the Halls" the conclusion arrived at inevitably is that the author writes in such an interesting manner that one is compelled to read to the end. "Fedora" is a novel showing the music-hall artiste both before and behind the footlights, in her "diggings" in provincial towns, and in her intimate dealings with Jew agents—scoundrels of a pronounced order. The heroine is a charmingly impulsive young girl, who, left penniless with a brother and sister by the death of her father, eschews the idea of the belittling life of a governess or a companion, and stakes her all upon making a success on the variety stage. Possessed of a strikingly beautiful figure, she provides herself with the necessary "dresses" for a Salome dance, and is rushed off to a small provincial hall. Her various adventures, the friends she makes among her fellow artistes, and the final success and result are vividly told, but two points strike the reader with a certain amount of force. The first is how is it that a girl who, as far as one can judge, has never in her life danced on the stage, makes an instantaneous "hit," even before provincials? Perhaps this is one of Mr. Applin's little sarcasms. Secondly, it is remarkable that in her dealings with the opposite sex she takes to individual members of it as a duck takes to water, generally without being introduced. Apart from these little features, which, after all, only make one desire to read more of this unique creature, the plot is skilfully unfolded, and the result is good.

*The Coil of Carne.* By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. JOHN OXENHAM's latest story is told with the same smooth charm of style which we have been led to expect

from him. The not very closely applicable title refers to a predicament which existed when at one time it seemed impossible to discover which of two children was the legitimate heir of Denzil Carron, who was a Pre-Victorian blade and son and heir to Sir Denzil Carron of Carne. The author gives us some effective description of the beautiful stretch of sandy sea-shore adjacent to Carne and of a reed-rimmed mere near at hand. But the characters are not motive to our sight. The evil that men had done shows its effects in the story and makes up the plot, but whenever the evil-doers appear themselves their blemishes have faded and they are as good as any one else. A young curate invalided from the East End of London (we did not know that slum-work dated from so early in the Victorian era) becomes a good influence at Carne. He is altogether too up-to-date an ideal with his Cambridge Blue and his muscular Christianity. What with the abstraction of modern goodness and the smoothing over of contemporary wickedness—charitably cloaking it with the excuse that it was "of the time"—the author manages to preserve in his story almost everything except the air of reality. There is a spirited description of the scene of the Crimean campaign; but throughout variety of character is sacrificed to good-nature, and artistic truth to pleasantness.

*Trevor Lordship.* By MRS. HUBERT BARCLAY. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

ELEANOR, the heroine of this book, which is essentially a girl's one, loved and was loved by a clever young literary man, who, through force of circumstances, is compelled to go abroad and colonise. The engagement, however, holds through the fifteen years of his exile, although he almost forgets her, and she looks upon him as a man who was in love with her in another life. Her entire individuality has been killed by her egomaniacal father during this time. At last, however, the death of the man's parents brings about his succession to the estate and title held by his father, and he returns. Honour compels him to marry Eleanor, whom he has never released from the engagement, and she falls in with the arrangement, simply because it seems to her that there is nothing else to be done, and because she cannot get out of it. They marry and settle down in their house, Trevor Lordship, he immersed in his books, she keeping the house and servants in order. The rest of the incidents in the story leads up to the awakening of these two curious dead people and the new birth of the old love in their hearts. As a character-study of this odd couple the book is not without interest, and there are one or two slight surprises in the pedigrees of the subsidiary characters, which help to carry it to a happy ending.

*The Princess Virginia.* By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen and Co. 2s.)

To tell the truth, we do not think that the present new romance by the well-known Williamsons is worthy of their well-earned reputation. It is founded on the somewhat hackneyed theme of a German reigning Prince, whose marriage area is limited, falling in love (as it was intended by the lady he should) with what is his embodiment of a perfect mate; but all that he can offer, under the stern eye and tongue of his Chancellor (made after the most approved German model), is a morganatic marriage, declined with scorn, as the lady the Princess Virginia, masquerading as Miss Howard, is really the chosen bride for him.

Given these materials such able constructors of modern fiction make the most of them. There is a motor-car, but it is only employed under normal conditions, and the story does

not revolve with its wheels. Some parts of the book remind us of "The Golden Rose," by Mrs. Fraser, written on a somewhat similar theme, though treated differently.

"The Princess Virginia" is a readable story, but not, as before mentioned, up to the standard we have justly given to the authors' fiction, although in fairness it should be said that the price is only 2s.

## THE THEATRE

### "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

At the first performance at the Little Theatre of this quite amazing play the audience and the laughter and the enthusiasm resembled those which were often to be found at the Court Theatre in the old glad days. Packed into the small space of Miss Kingston's most charming Wedgwood-like room were all the brain and intellect of what may be called the Shavian society. Miss Lillah McCarthy has pretended to withhold the name of the author of the piece, which is called "An Easy Play for a Little Theatre." If there were any secrecy as to its authorship it was dispelled five minutes after the rise of the curtain. The men and women who were discovered in the dining-room of a Denmark-hill house were creatures of Mr. Shaw's well-known brand. If Sir W. S. Gilbert had never perpetrated the "Bab Ballads" Mr. George Bernard Shaw might have remained a dramatic critic. In all human probability he would have employed his spare time as a Labour member in the House of Commons, and would have spasmodically amused the Unionists and outraged his own party until his constituency replaced him by a mere typical demagogue, with the usual lack of intelligence and the usual strength of lung.

It may be said at once that in "Fanny's First Play" Mr. Shaw has justified himself. In his recent productions, when he endeavoured to write really serious work, he bored us consumedly. When writing "Fanny's First Play," however, it was indeed good to throw back our head and shout with laughter at his spontaneously idiotic jokes, his exquisite verbal fireworks, his characteristic philosophy, his acute characterisation. He gave us an introduction, a play in three Acts, and an epilogue. The introduction was only mildly funny, and far too long. It contained three shrieks of laughter. The play itself did not contain one word too much, and may be placed side by side with "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell." The epilogue was the most exquisite piece of impudence of which Mr. Shaw can boast, and boast he will.

To tell the story of the thing would be a waste of time. You might as well set out to describe the antics of a tadpole. There were, however, several moments in the play which must have surprised even Mr. Shaw for their truth to life—moments which were charged with emotion and the best kind of drama, and which fitted into his comic scheme like diamonds in a tinsel crown. We defy any one to sit unmoved and listen to the conversation between a mother and a daughter, which takes place in the second Act, in which the girl describes and defines her emancipation from the dull round of sham peacefulness and happiness of her home-life. The grief of the religious mother was most painful and very beautifully interpreted by Miss Cicely Hamilton, who is an actress of peculiar power. To pick out the gems of this play and discuss them seriously is to imitate the impudence of Mr. Shaw himself. When we have said that "Fanny's First Play" is Mr. Shaw's tenth or



eleventh play we have said everything. It goes without saying that it is brilliant work, and it should attract to the Little Theatre all those who must besick to death of ordinary theatrical fare. There is more genuine wit in ten lines of this play than in all the three Acts of those others which are apparently produced by the commercial actor-manager because he believes them to be works of art. For the benefit of playgoers and the prestige of the English stage we wish that Mr. Shaw had not made "Fanny's First Play" an easy play for a Little Theatre, but that he had read the introduction and the epilogue to his personal friends, put them both back into his drawer and produced the play itself at a big theatre. Shorn of its wilful eccentricity, it is exactly the thing that the public wants. The public does not go to Little Theatres; it suspects them. It does not know where they are, and will not take the trouble to find out. It prefers those places of entertainment in main thoroughfares in which there are orchestras and an absence of the sudden three dumps before the rise of the curtain. We congratulate Miss Lillah McCarthy on having been privileged to produce "Fanny's First Play," and we greatly appreciate the perfection of her production. We wish her enterprise every success. But if this play could be seen by the great ordinary public we are sure that it would have the effect of raising the standard of entertainment, and of making such dreadful stuff as "A Fool There Was," "Baby Mine," and others too numerous to mention impossible of production; and the actor-managers who have control of nearly all the theatres would be obliged, however much they disliked it, to put on the work not of the bagman dramatist, but of the man who knows how to write and has something to say.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw will doubtless be amazed that we should take him so seriously. He will certainly affect horror at our desire that he should begin the renaissance of the English commercial stage. It is obvious that so long as he is content to entertain and interest and give memorable afternoons just to the few daring people who are not afraid to venture into back streets and precious places, his inimitable work will remain altogether unknown to the English public—to the English public's great loss. Only when Mr. Herbert Trench produces a play is the English public enabled to see acting so suprisingly excellent. It may be said that not one member of the cast of "Fanny's First Play" is ever engaged by the ordinary actor-manager if he can help it. And yet, from Miss Lillah McCarthy down to the actor who played the servant, the company was so admirable that it would open the eyes of the loyal but discontented playgoer who continues to manifest an intermittent interest in the theatre, and who does not believe that English acting exists. There is hardly a name in the cast which will be recognised outside Little Theatre audiences, members of the Stage Society, the Playgoers' Society, and the enthusiastic supporters of side shows. How often, for example, does one find the name of Miss Lillah McCarthy in theatre programmes? And yet here is an actress of very remarkable gifts, endowed with a beautiful personality, and of wide and even extraordinary experience. Then there is Miss Dorothy Minto, who as Dora Delaney would draw all London if it knew where to go. Her portrait of a typical little cockney demi-mondaine is simply exquisite. To the smallest detail she is perfect. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, Miss Gwynneth Galton, Mr. Arnold Lucy, Mr. H. K. Ayliff, Mr. Shiel Barry, and Mr. Claude King are good enough to rank with the famous actors of the days of Bancroft. Then there was Mr. Raymond Lauzerte, whose performance of Lieutenant Duvallet was inimitable. How often are any of these actors included in the casts of the all too frequent London productions? Their work is well known to, and greatly admired by, the same handful of people who, alone among the English race, support the intellectual drama.

All we can do is to exhort those people who have deserted the theatre because they have very naturally come to regard it, generally speaking, as something beneath contempt, to make an exception in the case of the Little Theatre. And when they hear the characteristic things which Mr. Shaw has put into the mouths of his faithful portraits of some of the dramatic critics, they will discover the other reason why the London stage offers them so little attraction.

#### "THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

WHEN the curtain rises on the third Act of the new play at the Globe Theatre, written by Mr. Edward Hemmerde and Mr. Francis Neilson, you find yourself in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, Court II. Mr. Justice Burroughs is on the bench. He is biting the end of his quill pen, and listening with keen attention to the cross-examination of little Mrs. Admaston by Sir Robert Fyfe, K.C., M.P. The court is packed to suffocation. The Home Secretary, Mr. George Admaston, is seated almost within arm's length of his wife, who stands in the witness-box wearing an uneasy and half-defiant smile. The beautiful Lady Atwill can be seen, and there are Lord Ellerdine, many members of what is called the Smart Set (to whom all the parties of the case are known), and Roderick Collingwood, the co-respondent.

Mrs. Admaston's leading counsel has just sat down, and Sir Robert, with the blandest of smiles and the most persuasive of voices, is on his feet. Piece by piece you learn that little Mrs. Admaston has spent far too much of her time away from her busy and ambitious husband, that she has fallen into the hands of an entirely pleasant but quite characteristically callous and immoral set, and that her favourite is Roderick Collingwood, a man of infinite leisure and more than a sufficiency of means. The point is whether this girl, careless of appearances, ignorant of the insidious methods of men of the world, has been unfaithful to her husband, and whether there are any grounds for his obtaining a divorce on account of the intimacy of Collingwood. You learn that Mrs. Admaston, Lady Atwill, Ellerdine, and Collingwood left London to make a stay at St. Moritz, that the luggage of Mrs. Admaston and Collingwood was unregistered, and that these two state that they got into the wrong train by accident, found themselves in Paris by accident, stayed the night in the same hotel together, in which they shared a sitting-room out of which, by accident, was Collingwood's bedroom, and that the girl spent nearly an hour in her dressing-gown with Collingwood alone in the sitting-room. To all of this Mrs. Admaston agrees, but she maintains on her oath that, although such conduct can certainly be called foolish and careless, it can come under a heading no worse. You believe her, not only because you have seen these two typical worldlings in the Paris hotel, but because you can see that the girl is not an inherent liar. What Sir Robert Fyfe wishes to know is this: How came it that the luggage was fortunate enough to find itself on the wrong train with its owners? Why Collingwood's room led into Mrs. Admaston's sitting-room, and why Collingwood stated to Admaston over the telephone that Ellerdine and Lady Atwill were also in the hotel? In answer to these questions Mrs. Admaston had only one answer, "I do not know." Was it true that Collingwood was making passionate love to her at the moment when the husband rang up? Yes. Was this the first time that Collingwood had made passionate love? Yes.

Sir Robert Fyfe would see. There was a place called Selby, belonging to Lord Ellerdine. Mrs. Admaston agreed

that she had stayed there. She further agreed that once when Collingwood was motoring her to that house the car broke down and they were obliged to spend the night at the same inn. Did she write a letter to her husband stating that, notwithstanding the breakdown, she and Collingwood arrived at Selby in time for dinner? She did. Sir Robert Fyffe, bending forward and speaking with a rasp in his voice, put it to Mrs. Admaston that not only did they not arrive in time for dinner, but that, in a dressing-gown even more attractive and flimsy than the one in which she appeared before Collingwood in the Paris hotel, she sat with him in this country inn alone until the small hours of the morning. Mrs. Admaston agreed.

Sir Robert Fyffe implored Mrs. Admaston to be careful. In his most earnest manner, and with the air of a man who holds all the picture-cards, he asked Mrs. Admaston if she wished his lordship and the jury to believe that on these two occasions she had remained faithful to her husband. Sir Robert demanded the truth. The poor little butterfly then bursts into a tirade. What is the use of telling the truth when everything she says is twisted and turned against her? She has been foolish, yes. Collingwood has made passionate love to her again and again, yes. She has gone out of her way to keep the facts as to her carelessness from her husband, yes. It is her habit to take off her things and come down in a dressing-gown; but she has never been unfaithful to her husband, never, never, never.

A smile runs through the court. One of Sir Robert's devils leans forward. Admaston shoots a quick glance at his wife's distorted face. His lordship bends down kindly. Mrs. Admaston is not doing herself justice when she does not confine herself to the questions asked by Sir Robert.

Sir Robert makes it clear that owing to an anonymous letter written in a peculiar handwriting to Admaston's sister, in which it was stated definitely that Collingwood and Mrs. Admaston had planned to get into the wrong train and pass the night at the Hôtel des Tuileries alone, a detective was employed to watch them. Mr. McArthur, K.C., Mrs. Admaston's leading counsel, springs to his feet. He protests that this letter is not evidence. His lordship agrees with Mr. McArthur, but desires that the letter shall be handed to the party in the witness-box. The girl glances at the letter, the writing of which is utterly unknown to her, and cries out that she has been placed in a trap, a monstrous and abominable trap. His lordship requests that the letter may be handed to him. He does not, of course, look with anything but suspicion upon anonymous letters. Nevertheless, he thinks it best to read it to the jury, together with another anonymous letter in the same handwriting which has been received that day by Admaston's sister, in which the writer begs that the first letter may be withdrawn. The second letter purports to come from an old and faithful servant of the family.

There is a rustle in court. The heads of the jury—honest taxpayers who are the unwilling witnesses of little Mrs. Admaston's torture—move together. Collingwood rises to his feet and makes an incoherent protest. He is hushed down. And then Sir Robert bends forward once again. His bland smile has given place to an expression of triumph. He points his guns at the little trembling figure, down whose cheeks the tears are running, and fires a very volley of overwhelming evidences of guilt at her head. He proves that his victim has lied again and again. He proves beyond question that the trip to Paris was planned. In the face of all these things he wishes to know whether Mrs. Admaston still maintains that she has not been unfaithful to her husband, and whether she can ask his lordship and the jury to believe that she is merely a careless and foolish young woman.

And then the butterfly on the wheel, badly broken, with

nearly all the beautiful colours of her wings rubbed off, bursts into a very torrent of appeal and reproach and agonised condemnation of the system under which she is being tortured beyond endurance. At the end of it she breaks down utterly and bursts into terrible weeping. His lordship, like every one else in Court, including Sir Robert, is somewhat moved, but he notices with some relief that the hands of the clock have passed his luncheon-hour. "I think, gentlemen, that we will now adjourn." He rises, and the curtain falls.

This is the scene, admirably written and carried out and very perfectly acted, which should draw all London to the Globe Theatre. There has certainly been nothing so faithful to life of its kind put upon the stage within memory. It is not possible to imagine a more convincing or powerful K.C. than that portrayed by Mr. Norman McKinnel, or a typically careless but innocent society girl more touchingly and beautifully played than by Miss Madge Titheradge. When it is said, too, that Mr. Collingwood is played by Mr. Lewis Waller, the Ellerdyne by Mr. Sothorn, the Judge by Mr. Stanley Turnbull, and the Lady Atwill by Miss Beryl Faber it may be imagined how well the authors are served. Mr. Lewis Waller is not seen in this play in the part of one of the many over-heroic heroes of romantic drama with which his name has been so long associated. He plays the man of the world with such ease and charm, however, that it is to be hoped that he will not revert to sword and high-heeled shoes again for a considerable period, but that when a successor to "A Butterfly on the Wheel" is needed, and we do not think that he need be anxious as to a successor, he will give London the opportunity of seeing him in other modern plays.

### GEORGE BORROW—I.

GEORGE BORROW is a paradox. His own assertions, in speech and in writing, prove him to have been stolidly conservative, bound by strong affection to the traditional laws, proprieties, and politics of his country, and yet in the books he has left to the world he has portrayed a life that is nomadic, untraditional, and quite irreconcilable with his professed opinions. He bent back for his materials to the remnants of old races, old customs, old faiths, and old superstitions, and he has given an intense emphasis to life's undercurrents.

Many of his opinions contradict one another. His very works in their broadest conception show this inconsistency. He who wrote "Lavengro" also wrote "Wild Wales," and more unlike works from one and the same author cannot be named. It is not that they differ in quality, that one is good and the other bad, for they are both great books, each a work of genius; but they do not appear to be the work of the same genius. Borrow's experiences were so varied, his knowledge of men was so extensive and so out of the way, that he was able to meet with and to appreciate such opposite types as Jasper Petulengro and the preacher Williams; and yet nearly all those who knew him have some tale to tell of his abrupt manners and surly, unsociable temper.

He combined the narrow-mindedness of the street sectary with the tolerance of the agnostic; he possessed the parochial instinct of the Celt with the imperial conception of the Saxon. He had great knowledge, and yet was strangely ignorant. He knew thirty languages; but, in spite of some very dogmatic assertions, failed to appreciate what was best in them. He was moved throughout his life by many strange impulses, yet was lacking in some of the most primitive emotions.

Perhaps the explanation of his character lies in this last fact. To some extent he seems sexless. Where usually



emotions might be expected, prejudices are found. In that greatest test of a man's nature, the attitude towards the other sex, he presents an almost sphinx-like inscrutability. With a solitary, although great, exception, he never drew a woman's character sympathetically. The exception is, of course, Isopel Berners, and in adding her to the gallery of immortal women he has succeeded in acquiring an unenviable reputation for heartlessness. The whole episode, although humorous in treatment, is really a fragment of a tragedy, but whether Borrow himself realised this is doubtful. If Shakespeare had told the story he would have made it clear whether Lavengro was only a half-hearted lover, or a man of Mephistophelian intellect, dealing in terrible irony at a woman's expense. No matter how the incident is viewed, Borrow comes out badly. He fails to substantiate the claim to large-mindedness which he is at some pains to establish throughout "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

In all probability Borrow felt largely and nobly towards his fellows, but in doing so he had no feeling of sex. He lacked knowledge of the intimate and intricate emotions and mental differences that exist between men and women, and he was, therefore, able to treat with perfect and bitter irony that subtlest of all emotions, a woman's love.

A casual glance at the story of Borrow's work reveals yet further paradox, for, having attained fame comparatively early in his career, he lived long enough to know himself discredited, and he was so far forgotten that the news of his death came as a surprise to many who were under the impression that the literary lion of the 'forties had long passed away.

Borrow first attracted attention with "The Zincali," after some years of hack-work, as described in "Lavengro," and he sprang into fame a year or two later with "The Bible in Spain." Ten years later he dimmed his contemporary reputation with "Lavengro," and when in 1862 he published "Wild Wales," it seemed that his literary fame was quite extinguished. The eclipse did not begin to pass away until his death drew attention to him once more. The cult of Borrow was then born, and the number of those who call themselves Borrowians is now legion.

Yet another strange evidence of the atmosphere of contradiction which invests Borrow is the fact that he who to-day seems the most lovable of men, and who shares with Johnson and Byron a personality which lends lustre to their works, was peculiarly adept at ruining friendships. Perhaps the Borrowians would not have loved the man so much in the flesh. He possessed those traits which always tell against a man's personal reputation. He was self-opinionated, and so aroused instinctive opposition; he was self-conscious, and consequently unnatural; and he was jealous, and thus estranged sympathy.

His life, indeed, is a record of fragmentary friendships. He knew many famous people intimately for short periods. His works attracted men, but the rough edges that seemed so delightful in reading were a little too rough for real life. His response to Miss Strickland's offer to send him her work, "The Queens of England," was not calculated to breed favourable opinions. "For God's sake, don't, Madam," he said, "I should not know where to put them, or what to do with them." He could hardly have propitiated Thackeray by telling him that *Punch* was a periodical which he never read. Even his friendship with that most placid of men, Edward FitzGerald, wore out. It must take a Boswell to bear the repeated shocks of such a man.

Borrow has many faults, both of the man and of his work, which cannot be ignored, for a mere list of his virtues will only leave a flavour similar to that left by the endless procession of famous Scotchmen of whom no one ever heard out of Scotland. Merely to enumerate his virtues is to dub him "worthy," and so set him on the threshold of oblivion.

He was, to take the faults of the man first, more bigoted than even the rising antipathy to the smug self-satisfaction of the day demanded; he was possessed of a temperament so jealous and sensitive that he could detect an insult in a commonplace remark and a condescension in a courtesy; and he was so vindictive and spiteful that he could never forget an affront. He always endeavoured to overwhelm the offender with a vituperation that robbed him of all his dignity. Nevertheless, he possessed sterling qualities. Splendid grit, indomitable patience, a generous nature where his prejudices were not roused, and detestation of cant made him estimate the unco' guid, and also those of the ultra-fleshy school, at their true value.

He had other traits, which, while illuminating the man, may not receive such great approbation. He could knock a man down; drink an almost unlimited amount of beer without disturbing the respectabilities; break the ice to bathe at seventy years of age; and live an irreproachable life in rather questionable circumstances. There is in these qualities stuff for the cynics, but there are other people who will consider them a magnificent tribute to the man's worth.

## DOVER STRAITS

To the travelled Briton, hurrying homeward or reluctantly leaving the Old Country on service and exile, Calais is still the gate of England. Such a traveller watches with quickening pulse the white walls looming up on the horizon as the steamer which bears him Northward-ho! from that port dips her nose into the breakers. The complete circle of years ago perchance is but a number of segments now. There are gaps in it which can never be filled this side the grave. Those he left children have grown to be men and women; snow will have fallen on the heads of folk he last saw in the prime of life. The transitoriness of earthly things sounds its insistent note in his ears. The traveller himself perhaps does not feel a day older than when he left England; nevertheless the world-without-end conviction of the unresting foot of Time is borne in upon him. He has been, let us say, successful beyond his best hope, and has experienced the exhilaration of service. He, when little more than a boy, has learnt to play his part in the scheme of government, unhampered by control. He has "bossed the show" in India or a colony, and the youngster who does that for the first time adds a cubit to his stature. "At home" things will drop back into truer perspective, for there he is still "one of the boys." To the man who is flying South the white walls are a background of regret and old memories. He realises that life is no longer all "beer and skittles," and that he has to face the game and play it. It will be his fate, perhaps, now and then to shuttle backward and forward across the narrow Strait. Every time he does so—it may be unconsciously from the force of events—the tireless movement of Fate will bring home to him its lesson:—

"Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound."

The Straits of Dover are the bond that links us to a past transcendently remote. There we once joined hands with the Continent of Europe; yet even from that age of grey antiquity the relics of men have come down to us. They and the animals who were then their earth-mates, but who have now disappeared from the scene, once passed over the vanished bridge of chalk, which has fallen into the sea of oblivion. Man showed his dawning intelligence by his superior cunning as a beast of prey. The mammoth and the

cave-lion and the woolly rhinoceros pitted brute strength and ferocity against the instincts of the human hunter and trapper, and in that contest strength and ferocity went under. The present writer possesses the molar of a mammoth found by the navvies working in a diving-bell on the bed of the sea when the Admiralty Harbour at Dover was under construction. What a record does that bit of fossilised bone bring to light!

The Straits of Dover did not exist at a period as recent as the human type. Science strains her eyes to trace the dawn of man upon the earth. She finds a few scattered relics in gravel-beds, where once great rivers flowed. As those rivers sawed their way down they left successive terraces behind them, and, in those pebbly terraces, stranded at higher levels than those of to-day, flints shaped by men lie scattered. Those crude weapons were missiles, and the brain behind the hand that hurled them gave the primitive savage race "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Dover Straits in the light of history are but of yesterday. To imagine their formation we must go back to a period when icefields of stupendous extent lay across North Western Europe. In England the southern edge of the icecap skirted from the north of London, and thence across the midlands to Bristol. Run a sweeping line to the eastward across the Netherlands and North Germany, and away towards the Arctics once lay a vast glacier-field. The North Sea at its southern extremity was a *cul de sac*. The reindeer roamed in vast herds as far south as the Pyrenees.

To this ice-locked desolation came a change of climate. Floods of inconceivable violence rent and sculptured the face of the earth. Gravel beds were swept away, valleys choked up by moraines, vast areas scoured and tormented by a plague of swollen waters. Thus were the Straits of Dover forced. The impounded waters, welling up, broke through the chalk dam and burst their way into the sea beyond. Great Britain became an island. Wave on wave of wild men from the South were destined to beat upon our shores, but from henceforth they must commit their fortunes to the boisterous ocean, crossing the storm-swept Strait. The white walls faced one another across a gulf. Many a race of primitive men, when they reached that watery barrier, must doubtless have been baulked in their onward march by the "salt, estranging sea."

Thither, at last, came Cæsar with his beaked triremes. The white walls were made to be scaled, for the tide of the Roman Conquest knew no petty barriers. Where his expeditions landed will be discussed for all time. In default of a better guess, let us say that it was near Sandwich that the Roman legions first gained foothold on our shores. Through morass and swamp and primæval forest the great roads were driven—missionary roads, along which might made right. How ruthless soever was the all-conquering tramp of the Roman mercenaries, and however brutal the methods of their captains, the waste was tamed, and with the process of the suns men grew to yield obedience to a higher law.

Let it not be forgotten that Dover was still a link in the imperial chain which stretched between London and Rome, when the power of the Roman arms dry-rotted and chaos fell upon their British province. Be sure that henceforth Dover held its place whenever invasion or foray was planned on either shore. At last the wild sea-rovers of the North swept down. Careless of life, they landed wherever they willed. At the Norman Conquest they were masters of the Danelaw, which men now call East Anglia. A sea-wolf was every mother's son of them. Let any man be nidding and his fate was sealed; they would not cumber their craft with such human raffle. So that strange crusade swept over

Europe. The conquest of the Normans, in comparison with all these remote comings and goings, appears a modern movement. They brought in their wake detestable cruelty, intolerable wrong, but nevertheless the root of ordered governance was planted, and by slow degrees men yielded homage to the fruit it bore.

As the years have crept on and the stream of business and pleasure has flowed and ebbed across the Garden of England to the Continent and a land beyond, Dover has held her head high. She has not escaped invasion. We know from the pages of "David Copperfield" how the slogan cry of "Janet! donkeys!" was the signal for the invasion of local rights and how prompt were reprisals. With that exception the ancient borough has slumbered scot-free from hostilities.

Had the Channel Tunnel been built we should doubtless have experienced a foreign invasion of holiday-makers on a growing scale; but happily, alike for the intending shareholders and the country, the Tunnel remains a scheme on paper. The national premium against panic risk which it would have entailed would have been too severe. Now Dover has its great harbour. A square mile of deep water is enclosed, but the opinion of Navy men on it as a rendezvous is unfavourable. The force of the currents across the entrances is extreme and the risk to warships in entering and leaving correspondingly great. Moreover no dock exists at Dover in which a disabled ship could be repaired. If a squadron lay there in war time it might conceivably share the fate of a rat in a trap. And so, from the bare white cliffs of past ages we trace the sophisticated Dover of to-day.

## THE LATE SIR ALFRED LYALL

THE sudden death of the Right Honourable Sir Alfred Lyall on April 10th is a great loss to literature. He had, doubtless, other claims to distinction; he had held high offices in the Indian Civil Service, that school of statesmen and administrators second to none in the world. To mention only his latest and highest posts, he was Foreign Secretary to the Government of India during the second Afghan War of 1878-1880, when the despatches drafted by him and embellished by Lord Lytton were masterpieces of style and substance, though the Viceroy found that the Secretary saw everything from so many points of view that he had difficulty in making up his mind. He was Lieutenant-Governor of what were then called the North-west Provinces, which are now the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. In the latter capacity he procured the creation of a Legislative Council and the establishment of the University of Allahabad, both of them important measures. But, though pre-eminent in ability, he failed to gain the confidence or affection of his subjects—native or English. His politics were too profound for general comprehension. He was more in his element as member of the Secretary of State's Council for fifteen years, and he was wise in declining the Governorship of the Cape. He had leisure to devote to literature, in which he had already made his mark while still in active employ. His "Verses Written in India" should be widely known. "The Old Pindaree" (1866) is full of vigour:—

My father was an Afghan, and came from Kandahar;  
He rode with Nawáb Amír Khan in the old Maratha War.  
From the Dekkan to the Himalay, five hundred of one clan,  
They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept thro' Hindusthan.



His "Theology in Extremis," in which "moriturus loquitur," is some revelation of his own mind:—

Here stand I on the ocean's brink;  
Who hath brought news of the further shore?  
How shall I cross it? Sail or sink,  
One thing is sure, I return no more;  
Shall I find haven, or aye shall I be  
Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea?

"The Land of Regrets" could hardly refer to his own successful career, but has often been applied to the cases of his less fortunate colleagues in the service:—

He did list to the voice of a siren,  
He was caught by the clinkings of gold,  
And the slow toil of Europe seemed tiring,  
And the grey of his fatherland cold;  
He must haste to the gardens of Circe;  
What ails him, the slave, that he frets  
In thy service? O Lady sans merci!  
O Land of Regrets!

These were his lighter *jeux d'esprit*: his more serious efforts were in prose, always philosophical, sometimes quite poetically expressed. His style in itself afforded pleasure to the reader apart from the matter. In his "Asiatic Studies," first collected in one volume, and in 1899 expanded to two volumes, he wrote of the Religion of an Indian Province; of the Origin of Divine Myths in India; on Religious Policy; Natural Religion in India; besides political papers on the Rajput States and Permanent Dominion in Asia. They showed great penetration into the religious and social facts which he probed with singular acuteness. But he found time for historical and biographical work also. He wrote Lives of Warren Hastings, Lord Dufferin, and Tennyson, and contributed to the narrative of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration. "The Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India," which has run to five editions, is, though not correct in every detail, the best philosophical history extant of the British period. His contributions to literature are too many to enumerate. They, and his general career, gained for him the Oxford D.C.L. and the Cambridge LL.D., and his nomination to the Privy Council. His last important office was as President of the International Congress for the History of Religions held at Oxford, late in the summer of 1908. Thus for some years he had obtained a unique reputation, not only as the best Anglo-Indian writer, but also as a literary authority of acknowledged merit, judged by the highest standard. His Indian work brought him to the front; it never submerged him. He held his own in literary circles by his depth of thought, his originality, his perception, his power of style and expression, all the qualities which go to the formation of literary genius. The country is the poorer for his death. By its awful suddenness he was spared much that he would have felt mentally as well as bodily.

## THE PROVINCIAL PERFORMANCES OF WAGNER'S "THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG"

THE primary importance of the recent presentation in Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow of Richard Wagner's tetralogy "The Ring of the Nibelung" relates to its musical aspect and to the musical state of the country. Not far removed from this, however, are the dramatic, scenic, literary, and humanist aspects. The laws which make for the success or failure of such an undertaking are not merely those of the music of the people, but of their artistic, and therefore of their higher life generally. The musical

condition of the districts lying around these great cities, though far from being ideal, is such as to form a good soil upon which the enthusiast who knows may sow his seed of interest and curiosity. The actual materials for the production of a great musical work are probably more suitable in Great Britain than in any other country in the world. British vocalists and instrumentalists, as individuals, are generally admitted to be unsurpassed, while the former have shown lately that they are by no means lacking in histrionic ability. The dramatic sense of the people is perhaps not so keen either by nature or training as is their musical feeling. What there is of it has certainly been neglected or distorted since pageants have taken the place of plays. Still less or worse is the general artistic sense of the average Englishman. Art is not a sufficiently vital force among the commercial and working communities to be accepted by them as a complete and inseparable entity. Each art is to them a separate thing arising only from the direction of the taste in pastimes. They do not realise any common source of all arts, and therefore fail to grasp the possibility of any expression of thought or life through a combination of them all. *Ars una, species mille*, they do not recognise, but rather regard art and kind as equal in number and proportion.

Yet these performances have proved the conditions to be not quite as bad as many would have us believe, and have done a really great work in assisting to better them. Incidentally they have done much also in showing the capabilities of individual artists, and affording opportunities of experience of which there are too few. They have also served to introduce to a district where his genius will be amply appreciated a truly great conductor in the person of Hofkapellmeister Michael Balling. So far as sheer achievement is concerned the outstanding feature of the whole undertaking has been the conducting of Herr Balling. To take a single but important point, he showed the old idea that the orchestral writing of Wagner necessarily drowns the voices to be utterly fallacious, and this without the aid of a covered well such as exists at Bayreuth and Munich. With an orchestra numbering over eighty scarcely a single note of the vocal part was missed, and the mutual support of stage and orchestra was nearly perfect. Even to those whose knowledge of Wagnerian methods was limited to the last degree the association of voice, gesture, scene, and orchestra was helpful, and this fact may be taken as a tribute to the all-round excellence of the representation, as well as to the effectiveness of the manner in which the association is brought about.

The particulars in which the work most nearly failed to make an appeal to the British audiences were the long recapitulations of what has gone before, and the lack of choral items. Why the latter should be a detriment to the appreciation by so utilitarian a race as that of our islands it is difficult to say. Presumably it is on musical, not dramatic, grounds that it is so, but that the condition does exist the careful observer could not fail to see, although applause, except at the end of each Act, was not permitted.

The essentially British character of the audiences was somewhat striking, especially in Leeds and Manchester, where German and Jewish elements in the population are considerable. It almost appeared that the proportions of British and foreign elements were about the same in the audiences as in the body of people engaged in the production. Though the conductor, assistant-conductor, and stage music conductor, as well as the promoter, were all Germans, yet the production was more British than Teutonic. The thirty-four characters were presented by some twenty British artists, and the orchestra consisted mainly of members of the Scottish Orchestra, of whom few, if any, are immigrants. The individual triumphs of Madame

Gleeson White as "Brynhilda" (who was quite equal to Miss Agnes Nicholls, who had previously appeared in the part), of Mr. John Contes as "Siegfried," Mr. Frederic Austin as "Wotan," and Miss Edna Thornton in four minor parts, including those of "Erda" and "Flosshilde," cannot be passed by without a word of highest praise; and the stage management under Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, though not flawless, must be acknowledged as having overcome in a praiseworthy manner difficulties of an exceptional character.

Persistent rumour has it that Herr Denhof is making arrangements for the formation of a more permanent institution with the object of presenting this and other Wagnerian works on an adequate scale in the provinces. After the highly successful issue of his latest undertaking, this will surely be a desirable consummation of his efforts.

## CROMWELL'S HEAD

By MONTAGU WOOD

A GOODLY number of correspondents have charged into print the last few days to express their enthusiasm on the discovery of Cromwell's head, which has been picked up by somebody somewhere and is guaranteed as a genuine curio. One writer, however, has surpassed all others, and probably himself, in the eloquence and exuberance with which he capitulates the merits of the great Protector, and denounces the barbarity of a bygone generation which it is the duty of this generation to redress—the barbarity consisting in the fact that subsequent to Cromwell's decease the said head was summarily dismembered from the rest of Cromwell. The enthusiast in question, however, seems singularly to overlook the circumstance that posthumous decapitation, though designedly uncomplimentary, is by no means a barbarous, and is certainly a painless, process of penalisation. On the other hand, the victim of this comparatively innocuous operation did not hesitate to remove the head of his leading antagonist from off his shoulders when the antagonist was in an animate condition, a procedure that can hardly commend itself to the humanitarian or to the anti-vivisectionist.

Cromwell was undoubtedly a great Englishman, one of the very greatest Englishmen these islands have ever evolved, and hence it was only meet and fitting that a statue should be erected in his honour a few years back in the metropolis of the Empire, save that by a strange freak of irony and defective humour in its promoters it was established under the very walls of the House of Commons, whose existence he had used armed violence to suppress. Cromwell was in fact a typical Radical. He posed as a faithful soldier of Parliament, and his earliest exhibition of power was to compass its destruction. He posed as a Brutus and an ally of liberty, and he had no compunction in evincing himself to be a Caesar and an unconscionable trampler upon freedom. Above all, he originated as a fiery vituperator of the methods of Strafford, probably the first statesman of his century in Ireland, while he himself applied to that distressful country a ferocity of treatment unequalled in its annals. He was thus a very congenial prototype of the Radical party to-day, who talk glibly of the voice of the people and gerrymander its utterance, who vilify the peerage and scramble over one another for its honours, who thump tubs to belaud the sanctities of the Constitution, and are agog to tear it in pieces to serve the purpose of the hour. There have been two great outrages on the independence of Parliament in history: one the arrest of the five members, and the other the disbanding of its components by Cromwell; but the worst and least remediable is the one which will now come to pass, if it is to come to pass, when the first items of

a squalid regiment of ignoble noblemen sink into the Upper Chamber to degrade it equally by their presence and their votes. There is no need to pay any very special ceremonial reverence to Cromwell's head, though doubtless it has a considerable value to any collector of anatomical bric-à-brac; but if it should be decided to deposit it with much devotional circumstance in Westminster Abbey, then would it not be as well, in the same spirit, as a pendant to Cromwell's statue standing sentinel to the House of Commons, to erect an effigy of Mr. Asquith smirking at the House of Lords?

## THE POET'S HOLIDAY

### VIII.—THE GREAT MAN

To the people who do not write it must seem odd that men and women should be willing to sacrifice their lives in the endeavour to find new arrangements and combinations of words with which to express old thoughts and older emotions, yet that is not an unfair statement of the task of the literary artist. Words—symbols that represent the noises that human beings make with their tongues and lips and teeth—lie within our grasp like the fragments of a jig-saw puzzle, and we fit them into faulty pictures until our hands grow weary and our eyes can no longer pretend to see the truth. In order to illustrate an infinitesimal fraction of our lives by means of this preposterous game we are willing to sacrifice all the rest. While ordinary efficient men and women are enjoying the promise of the morning, the fulfilment of the afternoon, the tranquillity of evening, we are still trying to discover a fitting epithet for the dew of dawn. For us Spring paves the woods with beautiful words rather than flowers, and when we look into the eyes of our mistress we see nothing but adjectives. Love is an occasion for songs; Death but the overburdened father of all our saddest phrases. We are of those who are born crying into the world because they cannot speak, and we end, like Stevenson, by looking forward to our death because we have written a good epitaph. Sometimes in the course of our frequent descents from heaven to the waste-paper basket we feel that we lose too much to accomplish so little. Does a handful of love-songs really outweigh the smile of a pretty girl, or a hardly-written romance compensate the author for months of lost adventure? We have only one life to live, and we spend the greater part of it writing the history of dead hours. Our lives lack balance because we find it hard to discover a mean between the triolet we wrote last night and the big book we are going to start to-morrow, and also because living only with our heads we tend to become top-heavy. We justify our present discomfort with the promise of a bright future of flowers and sunshine and gladder life, though we know that in the garden of art there are many chrysalides and few butterflies. Few of us are fortunate enough to accomplish anything that was in the least worth doing, so we fall back on the arid philosophy that it is effort alone that counts.

Luckily—or suicide would be the rule rather than the exception for artists—the long process of disillusionment is broken by hours when even the most self-critical feel nobly and indubitably great; and this is the only reward that most artists ever have for their labours, if we set a higher price on art than money. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the artist is fully rewarded, for the common man can have no conception of the joy that is to be found in belonging, though but momentarily and illusively, to the aristocracy of genius. To find the just word for all our emotions, to realise that our most trivial thought is illimitably creative, to feel that it is our lot to keep life's



gladdest promises, to see the great souls of men and women, steadfast in existence as stars in a windless pool—these, indeed, are no ordinary pleasures. Moreover, these hours of our illusory greatness endow us in their passing with a melancholy that is not tainted with bitterness. We have nothing to regret; we are in truth the richer for our rare adventure. We have been permitted to explore the ultimate possibilities of our nature, and if we might not keep this newly-discovered territory, at least we did not return from our travels with empty hands. Something of the glamour lingers, something perhaps of the wisdom, and it is with a heightened passion, a fiercer enthusiasm, that we set ourselves once more to our life-long task of chalking pink salmon and pinker sunsets on the pavements of the world.

Last week I met an Englishman in the forest that starts outside Brussels and stretches for a long day's journey across the hills. We found a little *café* under the trees, and sat in the sun talking about modern English literature all the afternoon. In this way we discovered that we had a common standpoint from which we judged works of art, though our judgments differed pleasantly and provided us with materials for agreeable discussion. By the time we had divided three bottles of Gueze Lambic, the noble beer of Belgium, we had already sketched out a scheme for the ideal literary newspaper. In other words, we had achieved friendship.

When the afternoon grew suddenly cold, the Englishman led me off to tea at his house, which was half-way up the hill out of Woluwe. It was one of those modern country cottages that Belgian architects steal openly and without shame from their English *confères*. We were met at the garden-gate by his daughter, a dark-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, so unreasonably beautiful that she made a disillusioned journalist feel like a sad line out of one of the saddest poems of Francis Thompson. In my mind I christened her Monica, because I did not like her real name. The house, with its old furniture, its library, where the choice of books was clearly dictated by individual prejudices and affections, and its unambitious parade of domestic happiness heightened my melancholy. While tea was being prepared Monica showed me the garden. Only a few daffodils and crocuses were in bloom, but she led me to the rose-garden, and told me that in the summer she could pick a great basket of roses every day. I pictured Monica to myself, gathering her roses on a breathless summer afternoon, and returned to the house feeling like a battered version of the Reverend Laurence Sterne. I knew that I had gathered all my roses, and I thought regretfully of the chill loneliness of the world that lay beyond the limits of this paradise.

This mood lingered with me during tea, and it was not till that meal was over that the miracle happened. I do not know whether it was the Englishman or his wife that wrought the magic; or perhaps it was Monica, nibbling "speculations" with her sharp white teeth; but at all events I was led with delicate diplomacy to talk about myself, and I presently realised that I was performing the grateful labour really well. My words were warmed into life by an eloquence that is not ordinarily mine, my adjectives were neither commonplace nor far-fetched, my adverbs fell into their sockets with a sob of joy. I spoke of myself with a noble sympathy, a compassion so intense that it seemed divinely altruistic. And gradually, as the spirit of creation woke in my blood, I revealed, trembling between a natural sensitiveness and a generous abandonment of restraint, the inner life of a man of genius.

I passed lightly by his misunderstood childhood to concentrate my sympathies on the literary struggles of his youth. I spoke of the ignoble environment, the material hardships, the masterpieces written at night to be condemned in the morning, the songs of his heart that were too great

for his immature voice to sing; and all the while I bade them watch the fire of his faith burning with a constant and quenchless flame. I traced the development of his powers, and instanced some of his poems, my poems, which I recited so well that they sounded to me, and I swear to them also, like staves from an angelic hymn-book. I asked their compassion for the man who, having such things in his heart, was compelled to waste his hours in sordid journalistic labours.

So by degrees I brought them to the present time, when, fatigued by a world that would not acknowledge the truth of his message, the man of genius was preparing to retire from life, in order to devote himself to the composition of five or six masterpieces. I described these masterpieces to them in outline, with a suggestive detail dashed in here and there to show how they would be finished. Nothing is easier than to describe unwritten literary masterpieces in outline; but by that time I had thoroughly convinced my audience and myself, and we looked upon these things as completed books. The atmosphere was charged with the spirit of high endeavour, of wonderful accomplishment. I heard the Englishman breathing deeply, and through the dusk I was aware of the eyes of Monica, the wide, vague eyes of a young girl in which youth can find exactly what it pleases.

It is a good thing to be great once or twice in our lives, and that night I was wise enough to depart before the inevitable anti-climax. At the gate the Englishman pressed me warmly by the hand and begged me to honour his house with my presence again. His wife echoed the wish, and Monica looked at me with those vacant eyes, that but a few years ago I would have charged with the wine of my song. As I stood in the tram on my way back to Brussels I felt like a man recovering from a terrible debauch, and I knew that the brief hour of my pride was over, to return, perhaps, no more. Work was impossible to a man who had expressed considerably more than he had to express, so I went into a *café* where there was a string band to play sentimental music over the corpse of my genius. Chance took me to a table presided over by a waiter I singularly detest, and the last embers of my greatness enabled me to order my drink in a voice so passionate that he looked at me aghast and fled. By the time he returned with my bock the tale was finished, and I tried to buy his toleration with an enormous *pourboire*.

No; I will return to that house on the hill above Woluwe no more, not even to see Monica standing on tip-toe to pick her roses. For I have left a giant's robe hanging on a peg in the hall, and I would not have those amiable people see how utterly incapable I am of filling it under normal conditions. I feel, besides, a kind of sentimental tenderness for this illusion fated to have so short a life. I am no Herod to slaughter babies, and it pleases me to think that it lingers yet in that delightful house with the books and the old furniture and Monica, even though I myself shall probably never see it again, even though the Englishman watches the publishers' announcements for the masterpieces that will never appear.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

## "SINGAPURA"

BY SYDNEY M. ENGLISH

"SINGAPURA" knows many travellers; they come and go, pass into her gates and pass out again. But Singapore herself remains unchanged. Ceaseless the swirl of her rivers, changeless the tide of her seas, unsilenced the peal of her bells; she will remain, undaunted, the Lion-City for ever.

In Penang, and later at Port Swettenham—that perfervid port we visited for our sins—we caught our first glimpse of

the East; or, stay, was it not as we wended our slow way along the Canal, as we viewed the red hills of the desert, in sight of that long line of dauntless pilgrims, marching, ever marching, to the goal of their desire, or the death which may overtake them on their way?

But Singapore is not the East to us; it is not still enough. To and fro, to and fro swarm those units from the boats, crowding the streets, and filling the hotels. Time is of value in Singapore; tide and ships—even cargo-boats—when once their business is concluded, wait for no man.

"How long will it take me to see Singapore?" I asked my friend and guide. He looked at me doubtfully; he knew the East fairly well himself.

"You can see it in a couple of days," he said, at length, "or if not in that time, it will probably take years. I have been in Singapore three years myself and I do not know the place yet."

"Do as you will with me," I returned, "only show me what is real. The boat leaves again in three days' time."

So we did Singapore. Not as the average tourist "does" a place. Why should we? We had no time to waste. First—for we left the boat in the afternoon—we had tea at the cricket-club; then, as the hour grew near, we drove in rickshaws to that summer rendezvous of the residents of Singapore situate along the beach at Katong. Dinner here, underneath the cocoanut-trees, and then the lonely drive back again through the cocoanut plantation into the dark grove of banyan and mango trees.

No lights on either side, only the elfish flames of fire-flies and glow-worms, like will-o'-the-wisps, illuminating this corner, now that, leading us on one moment but to leave us in a greater darkness the next. All is silence about us, a silence filled with mystery and life, broken here and there by the hoarse barking of a giant bull-frog, or the amorous call of the lizard.

Looking back, our faith must have been great in our sure-footed rickshaw-pullers who seemed to find their way along the rough path by instinct, or long habit, rather than by any sense of sight or hearing. Once on the open road again I sat up. "Where to now?" I asked. My guide smiled. "To China Town. I think it will interest you. It is—well, the real thing."

It was indeed. From Lavender Road—what a sweet name for so undeserving a district!—we made our way into the native quarters. It was growing late, though but few shops had shut yet. The smell of flaring oil floats mingled with aromatic joss-sticks and the lights from the spluttering wicks fell on the up-turned faces of Chinaman, Kling, Malay, Arab, and Parsee, giving an expression of almost ferocious grotesqueness to their usually expressionless countenances. And, as I tramped those uneven streets, finding my unaccustomed way over cobble stones where at home would be well-paved crossings, stepping blithely over wooden planks and railings, came my first vivid sense of the reality of the East. For the first time since my departure from the old country I could put out of my mind the artificiality of trumpery villages, streets of cardboard shops, and tinsel mosques offered for our enchantment at so-called Eastern Exhibitions at home; electric-lit Earl's Courts and coloured-fountained Shepherd's Bushes—comic operas of emerald-hued canvas and the like. The East, China and Japan, forsooth! This was something different.

"Oh," I sighed, "now I know. I can feel it—"

"What?"

A party of young Englishmen turned and glanced at me as I lifted my face. Very plainly I heard them say, though I do not think that their lips moved: "Out from home; a new chum."

"You are not disappointed?" asked my friend searchingly.

For a moment I did not answer. "Are people generally?" I returned then. But I knew his answer.

"I think they look for the wrong things. Come—"

And he dived into a native store, hung with rich, silken embroideries of every hue and design. The men in the shop eyed us lazily. "Don't they want to sell anything?" I whispered, when we had passed round the store unsolicited. Apparently they did not; or, at least, were accustomed to the ways of the overpowering white race who so casually turned over their goods with no intention of purchasing.

We next visited a working-jeweller, and admired the skill with which he manipulated the most primitive of tools no less than his quiet ignoring of our presence by his side. Here I was first initiated into the mysteries of the abacus, that wonderful counting-board used by the Chinese in their reckoning. Perhaps during my passage through China Town what struck me most was the lack of enthusiasm shown by the busy workers, their infinite patience and unflagging industry. So they go on day after day without rest, without holiday, save for that great festival the Chinese New Year.

Now out into the crowded road again, dodging rickshaws, motor-cars—generally driven and owned by Chinamen—and expert bullock-drivers, investigating the hawkers' stalls, so unlike anything we have ever seen in Western countries, on which dried particles of vegetables, meat, or fish, strung on a stick, are exposed for sale. Or steaming pots of other curious and unappetising concoctions, the contents of which we think it wiser not to investigate too closely. But at the corner of the road is gathered a larger crowd. Some one is doing a big trade there to-night, and as we make towards that group of eager shoppers our nostrils are assailed by an overpowering odour quite indescribable.

"Durian. . . ." muttered my companion. I looked at him, inquiringly. "Is that it?" I asked, thinking of all that I had heard about this wonderful fruit of the East. "But how can one ever like it?"

He shook his head. "Oh, it is an acquired taste and the fruit is not so bad when it is out of its shell, I believe. In fact folk say it is delicious when once you get used to it."

I was willing to take his word for that and quickened my footsteps, leaving that unsavoury corner almost at a run. We were just passing a Chinese temple and I asked eagerly if we might not enter one and see what it was like, but my companion overruled the suggestion.

"Not to-night," he said. "To-morrow we will go up to Johore, and you will see the celebrated place of worship there. Now I am going to take you to the "Europe;" I promised. And you will, besides, have an opportunity of sampling some of the strange beverages indigenous to this part of the world in particular."

At the "Europe" there was a ball in progress. A party of friends from another hotel soon joined us, and we found ourselves studying the cosmopolitan crowd of men and women gathered together—men of all nations, women of all climes. Even at hospitable little Monaco I have never met so many species of differing characteristics. Having already sampled a *Number Dua*, I resolutely refused the counter-attractions of *Stengahs*, *Pahits*, and the like, accepting instead what is commonly called by the American fraternity a "soft drink"—in this case a mild lime-squash. Those who have visited the East are no doubt familiar with these terms, and may have been, as I was, equally struck with their number and variety.

The next day we took the train to Johore. Here is the great Mosque visited by so many travellers; here are also the gambling-dens frequented by the Chinese and quite a sprinkling of the white population. An account of the



games of chance practised would require an article at least, if not a volume, of considerable length.

From the primitive little station of Woodlands we boarded the ferry which takes one across the narrow strait dividing Singapore from the Malay peninsula. Enthusiastic sportsmen will tell you that tigers have been known to swim this strait and land on the island, thus becoming a mark for their unerring guns. Be that as it may, I preferred to take their word for the presence of the tiger and the invincibility of our doughty sportsmen. I found my present experiences varied enough. As we approached the verandah of the Mosque a thrill of anticipation set my nerves tingling, and this was intensified later by the ceremony which must inevitably follow before permission is granted to tread those sacred floors.

"Remove your shoes," whispered my companion to me. And as I stopped to perform this act of homage the thrill that had struck through my being mounted until it pervaded my senses, filling me for a space with a strange sensation as of mental detachment. My bared feet touched the cold marble of the floors and a shiver ran through me. For a brief moment my thoughts turned longingly to the brilliant sunshine outside those walls, the blue of the skies and the free air. Then I recovered myself and marched forward at the bidding of the priest.

It was wonderful, of course, but it was also wonderfully disappointing. The effect of our surroundings was partially lost; the almost superstitious awe that seized us upon entering was fast evaporating; even the kneeling figures of the devotees praying to their Allah lost something of their impressiveness before a feeling of helpless weariness that now cooled our once ardent expectation. We glanced with something akin to despair at the tawdry decoration of the building, the tinsel, the cut-glass chandelier—imported from either Birmingham or Germany—clashing, how vividly, with the Oriental splendour of other portions of the Mosque interior.

An inquisitive inspection of the altar and incense-burners was not permitted, for the priest hurried us up the modern spiral stairway to the parapet of the roof above. From the dome of the building we caught a magnificent bird's-eye view of the surrounding country, including the Straits and Singapore. Here we also had a good sight of the Sultan's palace, and in the distance the Union Jack flying over the Residency was plainly visible. Just for a moment I fancied myself back in the old country again; a longing for England and home possessed me. Then a word recalled me to the present; slowly we made our way down the staircase again, donned our shoes, and entered the white, sun-baked streets once more.

Whilst sitting on the verandah of the hotel, before taking the ferry back to Singapore, we witnessed another interesting spectacle. A magnificent Mercédès car proclaimed the presence of the Sultan himself. The Sultan of Johore is a familiar figure, well known both East and West; as a man as well as a potentate he is a fine specimen of his race and worthy of notice.

But sight-seeing for the time being had nearly come to an end. Hot, infinitely weary, yet with a pleased sense of many pleasant memories stored for future sifting and appraising, I took farewell of those friends I had made on the island. The following morning, before re-embarkation, I devoted to shopping in the more civilised part of the town, and very good shops are to be found in Singapore. With renewed interest I marked the progress of the Chinaman at this great Doorway of the East, a progress as steady as it is unquestioned.

There is little doubt that had the Chinese been allowed to settle on the Rand, and had they been given equal liberty

there, as in Singapore, they would have done in the Transvaal what they have done in this place—they would have crowded out the native in business as in labour, and, stepping over the heads of the white and black man alike, they would have acquired for themselves the monopoly in matters commercial. For Singapore is essentially a Chinese town to day; theirs is the capital and the labour, and Europeans do no fail to recognise this fact.

"Would you like to stay in Singapore?" some one asked me as I was leaving to join the boat *en route* for Hong Kong.

"Does any one ever like to stay in the East?" I asked. "Do they not come here to make money; to do the work of the moment, then return home to live and die?"

As I spoke I cast a last look round the old town, its white streets and uneven bizarre-looking buildings, picturesque even in unloveliness; its dark-skinned, gaily-clothed native population; its white-robed, white-skinned men and women. . . . "How tired one must get of white in Singapore—sometimes!" I thought. And at length I turned my gaze seaward. "Singapura," I murmured, "great City of the Lion"—for that, I believe, is the meaning of its ancient name—"her gates are always open. Hers are the gates of the Far East, stretched wide to speed the parting guest, ever open to receive him when he comes back again, as assuredly he must one day."

For we all come back to Singapore, sooner or later.

## FRENCH REVIEWS

### "LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

THERE is an abundance of good reading in the two April numbers of this well-written and enterprising review. Already in September last it printed many previously unpublished letters from Mérimée to his English friend Sutton Sharpe, and the issue for April 1st contains a further large batch of this vivacious correspondence which brings Mérimée so vividly before us. It shows him under all sorts of aspects—ordering English works on Architecture, setting out on one or another journey as Inspector-General of Historical Monuments, arranging dinner-parties with celebrities of all kinds, airing his dislike of Thiers, whose "History of the Consulate and the Empire" he declares to be so much "humbug" (*sic*), and in almost the same breath commenting on the policy of Earl Grey and Lord Althorpe and opening a secret credit of £20 on behalf of a feminine friend, in order that Sutton Sharpe may buy her a mantle and some stockings! We notice, by the way, that the name "Hawhins" frequently appears in these letters; we have not been able to identify the person referred to, but "Hawhins" must surely be a misprint for Hawkins, and the error should be rectified if the correspondence is reprinted in a volume.

Among the many able papers in this same number of *Le Mercure* is one by M. Serval appealing to all students of Balzac. It is the fruit of much investigation into the latter's novel, "*La Rabouilleuse*," most of the persons and places mentioned in which it identifies, thus showing how largely Balzac drew from the life. In the "*Revue de la Quinzaine*" there are several amusing anecdotes of Renan, of which here is a brief specimen: When Eugène Manuel was a candidate for the French Academy his worthy spouse made the usual visits to solicit the support of the members. "It will kill him if he is not elected," said she to Renan, who thereupon charitably promised her his vote. Manuel was not elected, however, and directly a fresh vacancy occurred his wife

again called upon the Academicians. "Excuse me, madam," said Renan, rubbing his eyes when he saw her; "but I could have sworn that Monsieur Manuel was dead."

In *Le Mercure* for April 16th M. H. D. Davray, its reviewer of English literature, takes occasion to say some very kind things of THE ACADEMY, and to praise the independence of its literary criticism; in which connection M. Davray advises all his French *confrères* to read Mr. Cecil Cowper's recent "judicious and witty article" on Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, "whom people have tried to present to us in France as an interesting author." We will not quote M. Davray's own opinion of Mr. Oppenheim; our readers will find it for themselves in *Le Mercure*. To the same number of the review M. Paul Louis, who has long made the economic side of Roman history his special study, contributes an important article on "Le double Prolétariat antique," while other interesting papers are M. Borély's "Visite à J. H. Fabre"—the great but long unrecognised master of entomological science—and M. Marcel Fosseyeux's account of Abbé Blache, the priest whose name occurs so often in connection with the poisoning plots of the reign of Louis XIV.

#### "LA REVUE BLEUE"

In the issue of this popular periodical for April 1st M. Jacques Lux gives his readers a skilful *précis* of the interesting article on Olive Schreiner and her work which Mr. Frank Harris lately contributed to THE ACADEMY; and M. F. Caussy resumes the publication (begun last December) of Voltaire's letters to members of the Florian family, with which the great writer became connected by the marriage of one of his nieces. Although Voltaire describes himself in several of these epistles as a poor, bedridden old man suffering from fever, gout, and a convulsive cough, they abound in sprightly touches, showing that his wit remained as vivacious as ever, in spite of his increasing infirmities. "The English do not compose as many songs as we do," he writes on one occasion, "but they do their business a great deal better. The King of Prussia (Frederick the Great) does his better still." At another time he says, "There has been a 'revolution' in Luchet's fortune. . . . I am waiting for the 'revolution' at Paris. . . . A dog belonging to a Genevese has come and killed fifteen turkey cocks and six fat pullets in my farmyard. Those are the 'revolutions' which one experiences in the country." We should like to quote a good deal more, but have not space to do so. Still we will add that these letters abound in materials for a study of the real Voltaire such as no scholar has yet given us.

In *La Revue Bleue* for April 8th, M. Paul Louis, to one of whose contributions to *Le Mercure de France* we have already referred, supplies an illuminating sketch of class struggles in republican and imperial Rome; while the number for April 15th contains the first part of a recent lecture by M. Raymond Poincaré, of the French Academy, in which he rightly rehabilitates the formerly condemned Jules Ferry, who was really one of the ablest statesmen the Third Republic has possessed. In the same *Revue Bleue* M. Paul Matter, who has undertaken the attractive task of showing how much many great men have owed to their mothers, gives a delightful account of Adèle de Sellon, who became the mother of Cavour. It is certain that she greatly influenced him for good in the crisis of his early manhood. She roused him from the despair into which he was plunged by an unhappy infatuation, and weaned him from an inordinate passion for gambling; and his letters show that, in after-life, when he was accomplishing great things for his country, he attributed to her affection, influence, and teaching all that was best and worthiest in him. Happy the mothers with such sons, and the sons with such mothers!

E. A. V.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### THE EMPIRE AND WORLD POLITICS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

ATTENTION has recently been drawn to the need for a free interchange of ideas with our Dominions beyond the seas, aimed at shaping what is termed an Imperial Foreign Policy, and the Government have been urged to give full facilities for a discussion on the subject at the coming Conference. It is suggested that some concrete scheme should be prepared which would enable Colonial Governments to keep constantly in touch with the Foreign Office. Proceeding even farther, Mr. Guinness, during the debate in the House of Commons, boldly advocated the creation of a portfolio of Imperial Affairs. The Government believe that the subject will arise naturally in the course of the debate on the question of Imperial Defence, and they have given a promise that no useful information shall be withheld from the Conference. It is obvious that a discussion of this kind must be conducted under the cloak of secrecy. Therefore, to a large extent, the assurances of the Government that the matter will be adequately dealt with must be accepted. Unless, however, a permanent plan be devised for the admission of our Colonies to the confidential deliberations of Downing Street, then the forthcoming Conference will have failed in its most important duty.

At the same time it must be confessed that the obstacles to be met with in the elaboration of an Imperial foreign policy are more formidable than would appear to be the case at first glance. The gathering of Premiers at intervals of four years in the capital of the Empire would not in itself seem to provide the ideal medium for an exchange of views on high policy. To all who are acquainted with the sensitiveness of diplomacy it is clear that extreme care must be exercised in devising a means of discussing this supremely important subject over so wide a sphere as the Empire. Among the various solutions suggested has been the raising of the status of the Agents-General to something like that possessed by Ambassadors or Ministers Plenipotentiary. At present their mission, which is to promote commerce between the Mother Country and her colonies, is not without its less tangible, though equally important, objects, and their zealous services are undeniably of great value to the cause of Imperial unity. But we may with reason doubt whether our international relations would benefit by the presence in the capital of a sort of Advisory Council of Colonial Diplomatic Representatives such as that which is proposed in some quarters. It is not so much any antagonism that may exist in the minds of our official class in regard to so startling an innovation into diplomatic procedure as the possible effect it might be calculated to exercise upon our relations with other countries that must be carefully weighed.

A wise and accepted rule of statecraft decrees that nothing shall be done to impair the authority of the Minister of the Crown who is responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. Other countries realise that in negotiating with Sir Edward Grey, or whoever may occupy his office at the moment, they are dealing with a single individual in whose personality is reposed the interests of the British Empire, and whose word is that of the British Empire. Moreover, they communicate to him information on the understanding and with the knowledge that it shall not pass outside the portals of Downing Street. The Foreign Secretary has, of course, a staff of departmental advisers—men possessing expert knowledge of the problems of different parts of the world—and to this staff it might prove distinctly advantageous to add a number of permanent Colonial advisers. But it is



beyond question that the raising of Agents-General to the diplomatic status would be looked upon abroad with something akin to dismay. Similar objections are to be urged against the creation of a Minister for Imperial Affairs, whose principal task, it is understood, would be to act as a medium for bringing foreign policy into line with Colonial sentiment. The functions of such an office could not fail to clash with that paramount authority which must be secured to the Foreign Secretary if, as representing the British Empire, he is to pursue a safe and, at the same time, a consistent course of action. Yet there is urgent need that something be done to serve the aims of Imperial unity by devising a method of giving effect to an Imperial foreign policy. The utterance of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who stated that "one did not want to say beforehand what would be of interest and what would not, but one could imagine that South Africa was not particularly interested in Serbia or Montenegro," does not disclose a remarkably enthusiastic attitude towards the coming Conference. Were Great Britain to become involved in complications over the Near East, then it is sincerely to be hoped that South Africa would be very much interested in that part of the world. No greater disservice could be rendered to the cause of patriotism than to preach the doctrine of "water-tight compartments" as applied to Imperial interests. Were this principle to guide the administration of our over-sea Dominions each Colony would be for itself, and the dismemberment of the Empire would become imminent.

It is the maintenance and the development of the true Imperial idea, the interdependence of Great Britain and the Colonies, that should be advocated. The British Government must recognise that the Colonies have a stake in our foreign policy, and are anxious to be given an opportunity of taking their part in its fulfilment. If their wishes in this respect are met, then they will realise that the heart of the British Empire, of which they are the limbs, lies in Europe, and their views will broaden so as to enable them to show a lively interest in the affairs of Europe—affairs which directly affect themselves because they are of concern to England—the headquarters of Empire. Nor, with a more intimate exchange of opinions, will it be possible for Downing Street to overlook the trend of Colonial policy. There is, unfortunately, abundant evidence that at present our conduct of foreign relations is utterly at cross-purposes with Colonial legislation. Speaking at Toronto in 1907, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that—"Our diplomatic relations carried on by the British Government have not been so successful as we could have wished them to be. If we take the record of diplomacy of Great Britain, so far as Canada is concerned, it has been a sacrifice of Canadian interests." As the aspect of the question to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier alludes is of supreme importance, and, owing to the limitations of space, cannot be satisfactorily dealt with here, I will return to the subject next week.

#### FEZ—AND AFTER.

Anarchy once more reigns in Morocco. A French flying column is marching on besieged Fez, where, anxiously awaiting relief, there are a number of foreigners, including several English ladies. The German Press has seized upon the occasion to indulge in captious criticism of French policy. Happily, however, the German Government takes the sane view that, where foreign lives are imperilled, military measures, within the provisions of the Act of Algeiras, are fully justified. France has been expressly invited by Mulai Hafid to take action. Having once entered the field on his behalf, it will not be easy to restrict the sphere of operations. To restore anything like a state of widespread and abiding tranquillity

such as to render the Sultan's throne secure would be a long, hazardous, and expensive undertaking. The French forces will, of course, relieve Fez in a few days, but the question may well be asked: "After Fez, what then?" The German attitude is that of "waiting to see."

#### DAVID RICARDO\*

PROFESSOR HOLLANDER'S monograph is in many ways a valuable contribution to a better understanding of a remarkable worker in a science little known to the world in his time. It specially emphasises the notable fact, with many admirable instances, that the output of David Ricardo's labours in economic research was drawn from the actualities which crowded round him in his capacity of financier and business-man. This point is the more important to remember in these days, as the tendency of many a party-ridden controversialist is to stigmatise—even as it was in the time of the Father of the Deductive Method—any chamber-philosopher, however accurate his conclusions may be or however closely his reasoning may be corroborated by the observations and records of the workers in the fields of industry and commerce. The author has done well, in view of the wrong impression which has so long prevailed concerning Ricardo's mental equipment, method, and attitude, to divide his book into three distinct yet illuminatingly interlinked sections—the life, the work, the influence of the great thinker. Each of these essays is indispensable for a just and correct interpretation of the man, of the writer in some degree, or at any rate of what should be the world's estimate of his labours.

Nevertheless it should be borne in mind that Professor Hollander, though a careful and conscientious critic, is in some sense the intellectual victim of the very mistaken conclusions of the teacher he so eloquently upholds. That Ricardo thought soundly and clearly on most points any one with an unfettered conception of the economic laws and their subtle workings would unstintingly admit. It must not be overlooked or ignored, however, that Ricardo, like many another valiant searcher after truth of his own and other times, suffered under the domination of the Currency Theories, even as many economists, in other respects sound, suffer to-day. Professor Hollander, though in the course of his work he is not slow to point out one or two minor mistakes committed by Adam Smith, fails to draw attention to the one fatal, though forgivable, fallacy for which that great master of the science was responsible—namely, the statement that the prosperity of a country depends on the circulation of the "currency" or money, a statement which has led to endless confusion and paved the way to the retrogression from which we suffer to-day. Of course, had Adam Smith lived in these days he would probably have never allowed himself to be sponsor to such a palpable error, for he would have seen that "currency" or "money" plays the least significant part in the workings of financial, commercial, and industrial activity, and that it would play even a paltrier part in relation to credit—that most potent instrument of production—if the arbitrary State prohibitions and restrictions in all civilised communities regarding credit and banking were removed. It is natural enough, in the first instance, that such a fallacy should have been committed and, to a certain extent, pardonable that it should have been perpetuated. But are we to be ever the slaves of authority-worship and to allow ourselves to endorse the mistakes of our greatest men because of their infallibility in other

\* *David Ricardo: a Centenary Estimate.* By Jacob H. Hollander, Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. \$1.)

respects? The time has surely come when such an error should be expunged for ever from the text-books, and the general bewilderment it has engendered set at rest.

Had Professor Hollander broken away from this dominating error in economics, he would have saved himself much trouble and his readers greater puzzlement in facing the long drawn-out and meticulous arguments on a variety of subjects running through his book—a work which is characterised by a sound spirit of research, a thorough mastery of a mass of data, and, wherever dubious points are avoided, written throughout with a praiseworthy clearness.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE account which has just ended has not been altogether pleasant. Indeed it has brought many disappointments. We cannot always go on buying shares and never paying for them; sooner or later the money-lender steps in. As a result some of those whose credit was weak have been squeezed out. In many stocks the fall has been serious. It is quite possible that we may see the liquidation continued through another account. Yet everybody is confident that the set-back is only temporary.

The Morocco question has cropped up again, and assumes, as usual, that mysterious air which is so inseparable from Eastern diplomacy. It is difficult to get at the exact truth, but it is quite clear from the tone of the German papers that the despatch of French troops will be made the excuse to extort favours from the Quai D'Orsay. Although nothing serious is either expected or intended, the incident is disquieting. It has had the effect of causing nervous people on the Continent to sell Consols, and it has also created a bear account in our premier security.

The Supreme Court again declined to give any decision in the Trust cases, and this kept the Yankee market dull and lifeless. Americans do not now influence the City, but there is usually some business doing, and this has quite faded away. The Rubber Sales added to the depression, and the bears seized the opportunity to hammer the leading shares, without gaining very much by their courage.

There has been a variety of new companies put before us. The much-talked-of Porcupine issue has been made. The policy of giving no details in the prospectus and relying upon the prestige of the promoters and those associated with them may prove profitable, and we are told that very wonderful news is ready to be published as soon as the allotment is made. This is a curious method; we shall watch the effect with some interest. The British Empire Trust have brought out their Lumber Company, and, as Sir William MacKenzie is on the board, it will probably go; but the security is vague, and no one can say that a debenture is the proper name to apply to such stock. Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Company have given us the Cotton Merger, in which Dominion Textile plays a leading part. These people are clever, and will probably make Canadian cotton go. The Papua Produce Company was an absurd concern, over which we need waste no words. It had not one good point to recommend it.

There are a few companies being prepared, but they do not require any mention. The Cessnock Collieries failed to meet with any favour, and the Grahame White Bleriot Aeroplane Company also returned its money. Whilst on the subject of aeroplanes I may mention a private company in which the Marquess of Tullibardine, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Colonel Capper, and others are interested. These subscribers found money for Mr. Dunne to build an "automatic

stability" aeroplane, which was tried before Orville Wright and Griffith Brewer and secured a testimonial from them. It is claimed that this machine remains stable in the air, and that the stability depends not upon levers, but upon the geometrical shape. The members of the syndicate now propose to increase their capital and build machines. The public are not, however, invited to assist; but I mention the company because, perhaps, some day the Dunne Aeroplane may be heard of, and because the names of the subscribers are not people usually associated with company matters.

MONEY is now becoming much easier, and as soon as the Government releases the public funds we may expect to see a long period of cheap money. This will have a great effect upon the Stock Exchange, and prices of all securities will rise. Consols have been kept down through the fancied trouble in Morocco, but when that cloud has passed they will go up.

FOREIGNERS, at any rate as far as the London Stock Exchange is concerned, have been without movement. There have been a few bargains done in Perus, but nothing else. Russians are quite lifeless. Japanese Stocks were moved up a shade on the settlement, but it was not a concerted move, merely the automatic adjustment of the account.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO.—The excitement in these bonds culminated in a big rise. Mr. Cooper has come home from New York and has brought good news. He will now have the backing of a strong American banker, and behind this banker will stand the American Government. The bondholders in this railway have suffered many disappointments, but they now look as though they had got upon firm ground.

MEXICAN RAILS have been sold and bought just as the news from Mexico is good or bad. But the fluctuations show that holders are very nervous, and as there is a great deal of stock pawned with the banks a fall seems to me much more certain than a rise. People buy Mexican Rails as a gamble, and they therefore desire to take a profit sooner or later. As a rule such gamblers all try to get out at the same moment.

HOME RAILS.—The bull account here is still much too large, and the dealers have been busy shaking out the weak bulls. Brighton A, which is of course a great gambling counter, has suffered severely, and there has been a heavy fall. But all Railway Stocks have been weak the whole of the account. Dealers have been short, and they have again and again bought back. This has kept the market much firmer than it would otherwise have been had not a professional bear account existed side by side with a huge public bull account. I do not think that the fall has ended yet. Intrinsically all our leading Home Railways are sound investments, but intrinsic merits have nothing to do with the fluctuations of the market. Those who wish to secure sound 4 per cent. gilt-edged investments—such as London and North Western, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire—must wait a few weeks, when they will be able to buy at some points lower down than if they bought to-day.

YANKEES are flat, stale, and unprofitable. The big houses are now saying that they think the time has come to buy. But I do not think that there is any hurry. The news from New York is not reassuring. There is plenty of money for sound securities, but none for speculation. The trade in the West is not good, and although many people are talking big, they are only the notorious optimists who always "talk good." The wise and cautious are not so confident. The Missouri Pacific fiasco has done much to destroy confidence. Kuhn Loeb and Co. are a house of the highest standing. They have been treated with great discourtesy, to put it mildly. I cannot help thinking that they will one day take their revenge. Steels are dull because people have got it into their heads that New York has unloaded on Europe. But probably most of the stock is only pawned, and will go back to Wall Street when required. It is hardly likely that such a huge transference could have taken place as that which appears on the books.

RUBBERS have been as dull as ditch-water, and so dull did they appear on Tuesday that the bear brigade banged the



market as hard as they could. This brought in Mincing Lane, and the result was a small battle, in which the Lane won. But prices in the rubber market are still a few shillings too high. The reports as they appear each day are good, but not brilliant, and the public is beginning to see that those who talked of working costs being got down to 6d. and 9d. were talking without knowing what they said. The Consolidated Malay report showed that costs are going up, not down. As labour becomes scarcer, so will costs rise. There is a huge labour supply in the East, but wages for efficient men have a tendency to rise all the time. However, the time is coming when the rubber market should be watched. It will soon be the time to buy.

**OIL.**—The Oil people have been busy. The account shows a bull account, but this will not stop the oil gamblers, and prices are very steady. But they cannot push Black Sea Oilfields over 35s., and probably Tweedy is placing shares at this price. His company is one of the best on the Maikop field, and now that he has the chance of getting as much money as he wants he will be able to make the Black Sea Oilfields the premier producer. It has good wells, and should have good management, for Tweedy knows oil from A to Z. Great care should be used in buying Maikop shares, and I do not like to advise any but Black Sea, Maikop Pipes, and Maikop Spies. I should also add that purchases to-day on the top of a bull market are likely to show a loss.

**KAFFIRS** are very tired, and holders do not care to average. There have been many heavy losses both here and in France. But the weak bulls have been shaken out, and if the magnates could only combine we might see a rise. But I am always saying this. The reports as they arrive are not bad. I wish I could be more enthusiastic, but I cannot. The Knight Central has had a shortage of labour, but if it can get hands it may do better this year than last. The shares are cheap, the life of the mine is long, and as a lock-up Knights Central has attractions.

**RHODESIANS** have been banged by the market upon every occasion, and there is not a dealer who is not short. For this reason I fancy we may see a rise. First, Lonely was put up on good news coming upon the top of a short supply of shares. Then we get good news from Shamva, which was considered a low-grade mine, and has now one-ounce stuff. The Rho X circular was also reassuring. Jumbos are also cheap at 10s. This mine will soon be out of its poor zone and into the rich ore. The Rhodesian Market may amuse us one day by a big jump.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—It looks very much as though the bottom were out of the Omnibus boom. The settlement between L.G.O. and Vanguard has been agreed upon, and this gives no one anything to go for now. Therefore the bulls want to get out as quick as they can. Cements have also been weak. But here the market is in such strong hands that another rise may be engineered.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE POWER OF GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Attention has lately been called in several cases to the despotic action of Government Departments. It has been the comfortable belief that Departments worked by permanent officials would be sufficiently independent not to be materially affected by the political opinions of their temporary Ministerial chief; and, with the difficulty at the present time of getting attention given to detail, Acts are passed giving wide powers to Departments in the pious hope that judicial discretion would be exercised in their practice.

Apart from Ministerial influence, there is a dangerous growth within Departments in their attitude to the public. The Departments should exist for the service of the community; but now a Department considers it exists for itself and the com-

munity is subject to it. The same spirit that caused Empson and Dudley to be execrated in the time of Henry VII. (and brought them to the block in his successor's reign) exists now in our Inland Revenue; but the axe is put away in the Tower. The Commissioners' attitude is that they exist to collect taxes, but they do not in the least care to what expense, worry, and trouble people are put to in the collection. Yet they yield when pressure is strong enough. (As an instance take the facilities given to the Stock Exchange for stamping documents compared with the powers available to other persons.)

A new danger arises out of the provisions relating to super-tax. The Act gives power to the Commissioners to require every person to make a return of the whole of his income from all sources. In the debate it was stated that the clause was not intended to be for inquisitorial purposes, that persons enjoying £5,000 a year were pretty well known, and returns would only be required of these. But the Act does not say so; and the Commissioners this second year are now feeling their way, not for the purpose of levying super-tax, but for the compilation of a great Domesday Book of personal estate. Such a record would be too vast a matter to do all at once. A beginning was made in 1907, as usual insidiously, in the guise of a benefit to people earning income. Before that time a man made a return of his earned income, but the revenue had no record whatever of his income from investments taxed at their source. The Revenue wanted this; so when there was a chance of reducing income-tax from the war-rate the reduction was confined to earned income on the condition that the whole income was under £2,000, which involved the disclosure of the amount of income from investments. Now the Revenue Commissioners are beginning to use the super-tax powers to force disclosure by persons who either do not earn income or otherwise do not avail themselves of a claim to the rebate. It is rather significant that they are starting with old people. In my own limited circle there have been three cases—two widows and a man, all over seventy years, living retired lives, comfortably, but very quietly. Any inquiry would have dissipated the idea of these old people having £5,000 a year. Yet each has received a registered letter requiring a return to be made, and their attention drawn that a penalty of £50 a day may be imposed, and that a misstatement is punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine. These good people were at first fairly frightened until relatives took their returns in hand.

The object of the Revenue is clear. High death-duties tempt old people to make gifts—the Commissioners mean to know what the income now is. Therefore, to guard against a possibility of there arising an intention of evasion—not an actual evasion—they worry old people, and put them to expense besides, in compiling a statement of their income under different heads. The authorities will have all the matter of the official form. No declaration of total income will do, no offer of examination of account-books or bank-books is tolerated.

It will probably be said that details of investments will not be required, only the total sums of income received under various heads. This is so—at present; but the Commissioners expressly reserve the right to have details. To demand everything at once would clearly cause too great an outcry, and the Commissioners can only gradually increase their staff. But it will come in time, and meanwhile the total sums under different heads are serviceable for worrying executors with inquisitions.

So far complaint has only here been made on the ground of expense, trouble, and dislike to inquisition. But there is politically a great danger ahead. Tyrannies are always vindictive, whether tyrannies of kings, oligarchies, or democracies. We have seen how the brewery trade, because they became too identified as supporters of one political party, were marked down for excessive and punitive taxation by the other; so with landlords. When the Domesday Personal Property Book is compiled, it will be open to any Chancellor of the Exchequer to see how the well-known wealthy supporters of the other side have invested their wealth. Is it fanciful to fear that where there are large holdings so held in any industry these will also be marked for taxation? To confiscate the investment of an opponent is no new maxim to an autocrat. The President of the Board of Trade has already proclaimed his ideal is to know how a man's wealth is acquired.

We are comfortably assured of oaths of secrecy, and no general disregard thereof is here imputed. But apart from the genial, unconscious gossip, and that other man vain in the possession of accurate information, and loving truth too dearly to let misstatement pass, the chances of leakage are not few. It is not the case of one office where really confidential papers come before the heads alone. Every Surveyor of Taxes has his staff, and these are loose units held together by no bond. But it is these

thousands of clerks all over the kingdom, as well as at headquarters, before whom come the confidential papers of income-tax returns. Familiarity always produces indifference, and what is in the daily round seems trivial and of no importance, yet vital to the individual. However honourable the body as a whole, it is contrary to human experience to expect that none will be found wanting, whether from carelessness, forgetfulness, or pressure, or merely just to oblige.

The crude attempt to destroy by legislation that which has grown and become regarded politically as an evil often results in concentrating the evil. The avowed aim now is to disperse "capital;" but, granted that a trust by its wealth, influence, and skilled agents can get information as to private resources, what a strengthened position it would hold in a fight for a trade monopoly against individual traders in any district. To know what the other side has in reserve by way of private investments beyond ostensible trade capital would be the key of the problem of attack, and such a key would be forged by the new Domesday Book of Personality.

It would be of interest to know what directions have been given as to persons to be required to make a return, or whether the Super-tax Commissioners are their own rule-makers.—Yours obediently,

W. E. TYER.

5, Brunswick Gardens, London, W., April 21st, 1911.

### A QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, a brother of the preacher in the City Temple, London, I venture to write you to make inquiry whether or not an old book in my possession would have special value as an old work in the London market.

It is a commentary of Martin Luther on the Epistle to the Galatians. Enclosed you will please find a type-written copy of the title-page. On another sheet are the size of the end and side of the book. It is in its original binding—tanned leather. The letters of the title-page are ordinary English, but the book is in Old English letters. Evidently it has not been used much; it is perfect, not damaged in any way.

I have knowledge of another book, A.D. 1564. Its side size and title-page you will find enclosed. It is a little thicker than Luther's book, and is bound in vellum, binding and text good. It seems in no way damaged.

I shall count it a great favour if you will indicate the value of each of these books as old works in the London market.—Very truly yours,

E. M. SAUNDERS.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 8th, 1911.

A COMMENT

TARIE OF M. DOCTOR

Martin Luther vpon the Epistle.

of St. Paul to the Galatians, first collected and gathered word by word out of his preaching, and now out of Latine faithfully translated into English for the vlearned.

Wherein is set forth most excellently the glorious riches of Gods grace, and the power of the Gospell, with the difference betweene the Law and the Gospell, and strength of Faith declared; to the joyful comfort and conformation of all true Christian beleuers, especially such as inwardly being afflicted and grieved in conscience, do hunger and thirst for iustification in Christ Iesu. For whose cause most chiefly this booke is translated and printed, and dedicated to the same.

"My power is made perfect through weakness." 2 Cor. 12. 9.

LONDON,

Imprinted by Richard Field dwelling in the Blacke-  
Friars by Ludgate,  
1603.

"MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—THE ACADEMY's reputation for the excellence and fairness of its reviews is so universally recognised that any exception to the

rule calls for some comment. I venture, with all due deference to the ability of your reviewer of Mr. Cecil Chapman's book, "Marriage and Divorce," to suggest that his strong and wholesale condemnation of the book in question is both uncalled for and unfair. I pass by the personal references to the writer, such as "he talks freely of immorality as if he knew what it meant," and "Who is Mr. Chapman to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate too far"—only remarking that it is, I am glad to say, the exception rather than the rule for a reviewer to enter into personalities. Mr. Chapman makes reference to the fact that amongst the Jews of Bombay there is absolute freedom of divorce by consent for both sexes, and its effect upon conduct is such that divorce never, in fact, takes place. Your reviewer calls in question Mr. Chapman's conclusion that because such freedom exists amongst the Jews of Bombay divorce amongst them is practically unknown, and summarily dismisses such reasoning as a *reductio ad absurdum*. He seems to me, however, entirely to fail in establishing the logic of his own reasoning. I venture to believe that the majority of your readers will be disposed to give colour to Mr. Chapman's argument, certainly without the merest attempt at calling it "extremely vicious." I do not hesitate to say, too, that Mr. Chapman's further suggestion that "greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility," which your reviewer characterises as equally ridiculous, is an established fact which is generally recognised by all who rightly understand the meaning of both freedom and responsibility respectively. Even in the case of the most unlettered one constantly sees how, given individual freedom, there almost always is discernible in the possessor of it a simultaneous recognition of the personal responsibility which it involves.

I must not encroach further upon your valuable space, and I do not attempt to touch upon the pros and cons put forth for establishing greater facilities for divorce. My one object in writing was to take exception to your reviewer's criticisms, which liberty I presume you would allow to any reader, and to say that I do not consider any other reader of the book in question would arrive at the same conclusions, and so summarily dismiss the author's arguments as being devoid of the first principles of common logic.—Yours, &c.,

R. W.-S.

Royal Societies Club, April 24th.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### FICTION

- The Land of Promises.* By Stanley Portal Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.  
*The King Over the Water; or, The Marriage of Mr. Melancholy.* By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.  
*The Bread Upon the Waters.* By Georgette Agnew. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.  
*Two Girls and a Mannikin.* By Wilkinson Sherren. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*Justus Wise.* By Alfred Wilson-Barrett. Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.  
*Oh! for an Angel.* By Marguerite Curtis. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.  
*The Green Wave of Destiny.* By Philippa Bridges. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.  
*A Charity Girl.* By Effie A. Rowlands. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.  
*The Price of Empire.* By E. Hobart-Hampden. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.  
*Bushland Stories.* By Amy E. Mack. With Coloured Illustrations. Angus and Robertson, Sydney, N.S.W.; and Australian Book-Co., London. 3s. 6d.  
*The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales.* By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.  
*Mon Oncle Benjamin.* By C. Tillier. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.  
*Paul et Virginie.* By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.



*What Matters.* By Mercedes Macandrew. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

*The One Way Trail.* By Ridgwell Cullum. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

*A General Sketch of Political History from the Earliest Times.* By Arthur D. Innes. Rivingtons. 6s.

*George Bernard Shaw: his Life and Works. A Critical Biography.* (Authorised.) By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

*Irish Affairs and the Home Rule Question. A Comparison of the Attitude of Political Parties towards Irish Problems.* By Philip G. Cambray. With an Introduction by the Marquess of Londonderry, K.G. John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

*John Burns: the Rise and Progress of a Right Honourable.* By Joseph Burgess. With Portraits. Reformers' Bookstall, Glasgow.

*Histoire Critique de la Grande Entreprise de Christophe Colomb.* By Henry Vignaud. Vol. I., 1476-1490. Vol. II., 1491-1493. H. Welter, Paris. 30fr. the 2 volumes.

*A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt.* By Frank Hamel. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

*Nouveaux Récits des Temps Révolutionnaires d'après des Documents Inédits.* By Ernest Daudet. Hachette and Co. 3fr. 50c.

*English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy.* By Charles Read Baskervill. Published by the University of Texas, Austin, Texas, U.S.A.

*Karl Lebrecht Immermann: a Study in German Romanticism.* By Allen Wilson Porterfield, Ph.D. Columbia University Press, N.Y.

*The Shakespeare Revival and the Stratford-upon-Avon Movement.* By Reginald R. Buckley, &c. Illustrated. George Allen and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

*The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus.* By J. Stuart Hay. With an Introduction by Professor J. B. Bury, Litt.D. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.

*Ruskin: a Study in Personality.* By A. C. Benson. Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, 1831-1907.* By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. 2 Vols. With Portraits. Longmans, Green, and Co. 25s. net.

*A Popular Story of the Church of England.* By G. H. F. Nye. George Allen and Sons. 1d.

*The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer.* By William Archer. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

### EDUCATIONAL

*La Jacquerie.* By Prosper Mérimée. With Notes, &c. (Siepmann's French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

*Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Pont.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. With Notes, &c. (Siepmann's French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

*A School Algebra. Part II. With Answers.* By H. S. Hall, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.

*Modern Commercial Practice, with Correspondence. Part II.—The Export and Import Trade.* By F. Heelis. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS

*An Eastern Miscellany.* By the Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

*Prosperous Agriculture and Home Life: What it Means to the Nation.* By F. W. Wateridge. Illustrated. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

*Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. A Popular Treatise on Modern Chemistry and its Marvels, written in Non-Technical Language for General Readers and Students.* By Geoffrey Martin, B.Sc. Illustrated. Sampson Low and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

*Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries. An Examination into the Authenticity of certain Documents affecting the Dates of Composition of Several of the Plays.* By Ernest Law, B.A., F.S.A. With Facsimiles of Documents. G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

*Éléments de Phonétique Générale.* By Léonce Roudet. Illustrated. H. Welter, Paris. 10f.

*Chrysanthemums.* By Richard Dean, V.M.H. Illustrated. London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.

*The Common Sense of Home Rule. A Reply to Lord Hugh Cecil* by John M. Robertson, M.P. P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.

*The Pocket Gladstone.* Selections from his Writings and Speeches compiled by J. Aubrey Rees. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, P.C. Mills and Boon. 1s. net.

*The Master's Advent.* A Prologue by Everard Wyrall. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

*My Favourite Books.* By Robert Blatchford. Clarion Press. 7d.

### THEOLOGY

*The Life of Christ.* By the Very Rev. Alexander Stewart, D.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6d. net.

*St. John and his Work.* By the Rev. Canon Benham, D.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6d. net.

*Connection between Old and New Testaments.* By the Rev. G. Milne Rae, D.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6d.

### VERSE

*Contemporary Belgian Poetry.* Selected and Translated by Jethro Bithell. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.

*The Gardens of Gray's Inn, and Other Verses.* By Christian Tearle. Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.

### PERIODICALS

*Atlantic Monthly; Indian Review; United Empire; Mind; Smith's Magazine; American Journal of Mathematics; The Literary Digest; Ainslee's Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Edinburgh Review; Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay; Book Buyer.*

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